The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

PRICE IN PARIS 30 CENTIMES

VOL. XIII. No. 333. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] LONDON: WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1900. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE 2D.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

Photographed by W. V. Amey, 253, Commercial Road, Portsmouth.

WILLIAM SIMMS,

The Gunner of H.M.S. Powerful, who Displaced Long Tom in Three Shots at Ladysmith.

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Published Weekly by
THE MIRROR OF LIFE CO., Ltd.,
172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1900.

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. Morton.—Jem Mace beat Tom King the first time they met, but was defeated by the latter later.

O. G. D.—1. It was not a knock-out. 2. The referee stopped the contest.

H. Shackell.—1. Jack Connolly won in 20rds. 2. Bristol.

R. Mellin.—He must rise in 10sec unassisted.

F. Baker.—About 1 mile and 4 furlongs.

C. Burrell.—L. Caiman beat Flying Fox in the Middle Park Plate. 2. Galopin Lassie was third.

A. Davies.—1. Drawers, with socks and shoes. 2. They should reach to the knees.

O. V. I.—If he draws a bye he is bound to spar with a selected opponent the three rounds.

W. C. Straker.—Captain Webb swam from Dover to Calais in 21hr 45min on August 24 and 25, 1875.

A. Collier.—Yes, all systems look well on paper.

J. Reed.—The paper you mention is defunct.

T. Oliver.—Whit Monday, at Lord's cricket ground.

D. F.—Twenty-seven years of age, 5ft. 4in.

E. J. Martin.—Flying Fox, Frontier, and Ninus.

T. Holly.—J. D. See hopped 50yds in 7 1-5sec.

R. S.—It is called potato racing. 2. They are taken up one at a time.

H. Tidd.—Trotted in three heats.

C. Wentworth.—27 seconds for ¼ mile by A. L. Reed.

E. F. Hardy.—Peter Maher was born at Tuam, Ireland, March 16, 1860.

B. C. L.—1. They fought a draw. 2. Champion of England. 3. Over £2,000.

Pacer.—Star Pointer against time covered a mile in 59¼sec.

J. F. Kennet.—The portrait will be published in our next issue, May 23.

Bob James (Canal House, Merthyr Tydfil).—They have only fought once. Sharkey received the decision.

D. Post.—1. G. Towns beat A. Barry, May 1, 1899. 2. C. R. Harding.

A. A. M.—1. Sloan rode the winner. 2. You would be on the same horse twice. 3. No bet.

E. Jackson (Deptford).—1. Sullivan and Corbett fought for the championship of America. 2. The stake was £4,000, purse £5,000. 3. John L. Sullivan was champion of America, not of the World.

J. W. Hardy.—Corbett was in his twenty-fifth year when he fought Jackson.

J. T. Kimberley (Oldbury).—Fitzsimmons and Sharkey have only met once.

A. Edwards (Swansea).—No boxer usually makes a match without the consent of his backers.

Peter Burns.—He won in six rounds.

S. Wales.—1. Helston, Cornwall, on May 26, 1863. 2. In the Borough police.

G. H. Trenerbert.—Trained at Newmarket.

G. P. S.—A full account in this week's issue.

H. Barlow.—Bendigo won, carrying 9st 7lb.

T. Merritt.—They fought a draw.

J. Collins.—1. He stands about 6ft 1in. 2. A heavy-weight.

H. B. Lane.—He commenced his boxing career in 1890, and retired in 1892.

N. E. S.—1. Tom Sharkey. 2. No decision given.

S. T. P.—1. The property of Lord Rosebery, and trained by C. Wood. 2. No.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

JEFFRIES AND CORBETT PUT UP A GRAND CONTEST.

"PEDLAR" PALMER AND HIS MATCH WITH HARRY WARE.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST —TOMMY HOGAN v. BEN JORDAN.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN "KID" McCOY AND TOMMY RYAN.

Those who affected not to look seriously at a contest in which Jem Corbett took principal part against Jem Jeffries were the more surprised when the particulars of a truly great boxing match between real champions reached this country. They do big things in the States, but it is not often that two men, giants in size, like Corbett and Jeffries, meet in battle array—that is almost in the nude—for the drawers, as exhibited in the biograph recording the contest between Tom Sharkey and Jem Jeffries, show the latter with silken nether covering which might well be stowed away in the watch pocket. The match between Corbett and Jeffries gives a blow to the decriers of boxing as a brutal sport. Jeffries and Corbett fought twenty-three three-minute rounds—that is, they were contesting in real, hard earnest for considerably over an hour, and yet neither man was maimed. Can we say this for some other sports—football, for instance? Those who did not witness the contest, believing it was likely to prove a "dud," or faked show, are now half beside themselves with annoyance to think they missed what might be described as the fight of the century. Comparisons are, indeed, odious, as far as the positive, comparative, and superlative of boxing is concerned. When Jeffries and Corbett are boxing the comparative and the superlative are seen; but when Jem Jeffries was meeting Tom Sharkey it was the positive and comparative. Such is the difference of class that when opposing Sharkey Jeffries looked a top-sawyer at the game. Yet, when opposing Corbett redivivus, this same Jeffries looks like a comparative novice, unable to stop the blows of the much-improved (physically and scientifically) Jem Corbett. A punch on the nose knocks all the fight out of some men, whereas with others it brings all their fighting qualities to the front—the more you punch a fighter the more you raise the devil in his breast. Thus it was with Jeffries. Corbett's continued jabs and his grand defence would have caused the downfall of some men. Not so with Jem Jeffries. The more Jem Corbett hit, the more desirous was Jem Jeffries to get on even terms with the quick and lightning-like deliveries of his opponent. Jeff's 16st of brawn, muscle and bone, which, by the labour almost of Hercules, he had reduced from 20st, was braced up to the sticking point in order to equalise himself with his adversary. Jeff, in spite of jabs which would have puzzled and almost paralysed some men, never lost his head. Miles may separate Jem Jeffries from the accomplished Jem Corbett as a boxer, but as a fighter Jeff is at the present time without a peer. No one better than Jeffries knew when Corbett was weakening. Jeff could tell this, not by the diminished force of Corbett's blows, but by the tremor of the late champion's legs. The erstwhile boiler drummer knew when to chance the defensive right, whilst the wily Corbett was looking for the left; and with a crushing blow, sufficiently hard to drive in Corbett's breastbone, he put the verdict out of the power of the referee by knocking his gallant and scientific foe senseless. Jeffries came out on top at the right moment. He gave the spectators a grand show for their money, but we believe, as in the case of Tom Sharkey when Jem Jeffries delivered the winning hit, Nature, to a certain extent, had deserted Jem Corbett; and a blow from which the ex-champion might have recovered in the earlier portion of the fight proved disastrous in Corbett's weakened state when nearing its conclusion. Mind you, we are only speculating on this, for now we have to trust to our cablegram, which must necessarily be brief; but when the full, true, and particular accounts of this contest are published we have little doubt that the battle will pan out just as we have speculatively stated.

'Tis not for us to reason why,
It was a glorious victory.

It was one of those victories in which sympathy of most persons will go out to the loser for his gallant defence; but it must be always remembered that, although oftentimes desired, there can only be one winner.

The contest so unexpected, so protracted, and so scientific on the part of Jem Corbett in his match with Jeffries has almost dwarfed in public importance the doings of the English pigmies of the Prize Ring. The combat of giants, like other big things, is reserved for the big continent. Here we must be satisfied with little things in the way of boxing, and if we cannot get tritons like Corbett and Jeffries we must have champion minnows like "Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Ware and Ben Jordan and Tom Hogan. Perhaps Palmer may reappear upon the scene of his former glory all the better for his long abstention from active service. Jem Corbett astonished his greatest *intimates* by his improvement scientifically and physically, and perhaps "Pedlar" may do the same. Anyway, he has gone away conscientiously to train; for he wrote as a reason for not turning up at a recent display where his name was inserted in the bills: "That he could not relax in his training." Persons interested will be glad to see in this match whether science, as represented by Palmer, or strength, as represented by Ware, will prevail. Fifteen three-minute rounds is not like twenty-five three-minute rounds or a contest to a finish, so Palmer may show a bit of old form and come out on top. We don't think Palmer is capable of travelling a long journey, but it remains to be seen whether Harry Ware is in the same class as the once renowned Pedlar, or whether—putting science on one side, and strength on the other—youth and strength will prevail. One thing, we are sure that the tactics pursued by Ware in his match with Plimmer at the Olympic Club, Birmingham, will not or should not be in the piece at the N.S.C. Queensberry rules will no doubt be strictly adhered to, and the tricks of the boxing trade, as now resorted to by the professional boxer, should receive a summary check.

Next Monday week will be the carnival of boxing at the N.S.C., when, in addition to the match enumerated above, there will be an international contest between Tommy Hogan and Ben Jordan. Time was when this contest alone would have been sufficient to have filled the N.S.C. to overflowing, but recently we think Ben Jordan rather incautiously exposed his form, and Ben is not viewed by the cognoscenti as such good goods as formerly. There is this to be said about Ben Jordan which could not be said about Tommy Hogan's former opponent, Billy Chester. Chester was an unknown quantity as far as travelling a journey is concerned, while Ben Jordan is not. Those who plank their pieces on Ben Jordan are sure of that youth giving his friends a run for their money, and, moreover, Jordan is to a certain extent a lucky boxer, and as most persons know, "luck is everything." Ben Jordan is training from his old show at Putney, and report says is as hard as nails. Tommy is satisfied with his first and only love, the Derby Arms, East Sheen, proprietored by Sam Brown. This hotel Hogan has made his home since his first arrival in this country, and the American might go further and fare worse; for Brown, the proprietor, has everything at hand to develop the muscles of the athlete, and what he has not is hardly worth having. Altogether the boxing season at the N.S.C. looks like going out with a refulgence deemed hardly possible at the commencement of boxing hostilities at headquarters.

The match which is at the present time causing some amount of interest in the States is the forthcoming match between "Kid" McCoy and Tommy Ryan. Ryan is said to have taught the "Kid" all he knows, but Ryan may yet have a few tricks in reserve which he may produce when occasion serves. If Tommy Ryan is defeated it will not be the first time that the pupil has defeated his mentor. We all know the story of "Hen" Pearce, the "Game Chicken," and his mentor, Jem Belcher, and how the once brilliant champion was defeated by his fellow townsman. "Kid" McCoy is Tommy Ryan's master in one thing, and that is in length of arm. This is the most useful thing in the boxer's bag of tricks in a counter, for it enables the owner of the long arm in the fighter's vernacular "to be fust."

HARRY CHAMBERLAIN,

Who Met Ivor Thomas, of Wales, at the National Sporting Club on Monday Evening, May 14.

(With Portrait.)

Harry Chamberlain, of Bow. His first go was with George Wood, of Poplar, at 5st 6lb, for the Juvenile Championship. He was then introduced to Bill Natty's, Hop and Malt Exchange School of Arms, where most of his early go's were decided. Beat Geo. Wood, 6rds; beat Bert Smith, 8rds; beat Harry Cotton, 6 and 1rds; beat Jack Kay, 6rds; beat Dick White, 5rds. Beaten by Jem Collins, 8rds; "Ginger Price," 8rds; fought Geo. Johnson, 20rds, 21rds (small gloves), 6rds, and 8rds, matters resting even after these go's; beat George Torrance, 8rds; beat Nobby Proctor, 8rds; beaten by Ted Daly, 10rds; beaten by Alf. Carey, in competition; beat Ted Silver, in competition; beat Alf. Fielder, Walworth, 6rds; beat Jim Telfer, 6rds; beat in competition Alf. Barnard, Spitalfields, Jack Goldswain, Bermondsey, and Bill Burley, Meat Market: beat Jack Masan, 6rds; won Fred Delaney's 9st competition, beating Bill Telford, Fred Williams, and Bob Ford in final; beat Dick Pepper, 10rds. Met Ivor Thomas at the N.S.C., May 14, and was defeated in 15rds.

WILLIAM SIMS,

The Gunner of H.M.S. Powerful, who Displaced Long Tom in Three Shots at Ladysmith.

(With Portrait.)

Mr. William Sims took a leading part in the defence of Ladysmith. He it was who on a memorable occasion took such an accurate aim as to displace Long Tom in three shots. Owing to a slight attack of enteric fever he was unable to return with the Powerful, but on his arrival in the Pindar received quite an ovation.

In response to the cheering he remarked, addressing his audience as fellow citizens, that he thanked them for the magnificent reception which they had given him that night on his coming home. It had been unexpected, and he felt he could not find words to express his heartfelt gratitude for the very great honour they had conferred upon him, and also on his shipmates. They were fortunate to be able to take part in the campaign, and to be of assistance during the siege of Ladysmith. (Cheers.) Portraits can be obtained from W. V. Amey, 253, Commercial Road, Portsmouth, one shilling each.

TOM HALL.

A Clever Lad at 9st 12lb who Hails from Lambeth.

(With Portrait.)

Commencing boxing about three years ago his record is as follows: Beat C. Appleyard in a 6st 10lb Competition; beat O. West in 5rds; beat L. Holloway, 9rds; beat "Soldier" Murray, 4rds; beat C. Sebby, 4rds; beat F. Clark, 2rds; beat F. Williams, 2rds; beat Jack Maloney, of Drury Lane, 1½rds; beat P. Donovan, 2rds; fought a six rounds draw with Dave Lock; beat Ted Illidge, 4rds; beat Ted Phillips at Oxford, 8rds; beat Dan Herring for £5 a-side in 2rds; beat Joe Robins, 6rds; beat Ted Knight, 4rds; beat Patsey Haley, 9rds; beat Ted Goodson, 5rds; beat Jack Lewis, of America, 6rds; beat T. Phillips, 4rds; beat F. Duggett, 3rds; beat Bill Chart, "Sailor" Richardson's trainer, twice, 6rds; and lost to Dave Morbin, 6rds on points; "Mick" O'Brien, 6rds on points; Patsey Haley, 6rds on points.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Dan Mack, J. Harvey Jones (of South Africa), Bill Montague, Atlas (the champion weight-lifter), "Wag" Ashley, Charley Exall, Jem Exall, Alf Stanbrook, Ted Smith, Billy Gordon, Owen Page (Cardiff), Harry Thwaites (Covent Garden), Jem Barry (St. James's), George Old (Old Moore's Almanack), Sam Craig, Alf Wright (Plymouth), and Bill Whatley (trainer).

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for "Dido" Plumb, Jas. J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons (three), Ted Wakeham, Harry Ware, "Greek" George, H. Chance Newton, Driver Pincher, Billy Plimmer, R. H. Page, Charley Mitchell, P. J. King, Paddy Gorman, George Slark, Ernie Greaves, Dick Burge, Mrs. Jasper White, Sam Fitzpatrick, Jem Holloway, James E. Donegan, Frank Kempton, Jem Hall, Claude Thompson, Mike Flynn, John F. White (three), Billy Ross, C. McCoy, Frank Craig, F. Leon (two), Bobby Dobbs (two), Bert Smith (the Irish Count), and George Fox Giles.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

BULLER'S SUCCESS.

THE BIGGARSBERG TAKEN.

ENEMY FLED.

CLOSE TO MAFEKING.

BOERS SURPRISED.

ACTING in conjunction with General Buller's main body, a powerful mounted column, consisting of Bethune's Horse and Umvoti Rifles, supported by Imperial Infantry, moved out of Greytown last Tuesday and advanced to the Boer positions on the Biggarsberg. For four days their march was uninterrupted, by which time they had reached within striking distance of the Boer positions. The column was deployed for attack at the foot of the Helpmakaar Ridge, the 2nd Brigade being allotted the place of honour. This Brigade was the first to come in contact with the Boers, and

GALLANTLY ASSAILED THE POSITIONS

forming the Boer left. These positions had been held by the enemy since the retreat from Ladysmith. Lord Dundonald commanded the centre of the British attack in person. General Bethune was thrown well out on the enemy's right. The Boers were seen to be occupying strongly entrenched positions, but they appeared to have been

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

The fire they opened upon the advancing British was wild and did little damage, and did not check the advance in the least. The Boers did not wait for the final rush of the British troops, but, deserting their entrenchments, they

BOLTED IN CONFUSION

over the Berg. We took possession of the enemy's positions. Our forces are pushing on to Beith. The Boers do not appear to be in great strength, but they may make a stand at either Talani or Glencoe. In any case a complete junction with Buller's force is expected during to-morrow, as our extreme left is almost in touch with the main body. It is reported that a great number of the enemy retired to the Transvaal early last week.

There is still no definite news as to the probable relief of Mafeking within the next few hours, to-day, to-morrow, or before the Queen's birthday, the date on which Capetown has set its last hopes. And the hope is not confined to the non-official man in the street, but is shared by all officialdom. News from Pretoria is scanty and misleading. The Boers, however, attacked Mafeking on Saturday, and managed, with the aid of artillery, to set the Kaffir location on fire. Further fighting followed. The relief column is clearly making progress. If the Boers succeeded in seriously affecting its movements we should have plenty of details. We have, however, next to none at all.

WILL THE HONOUR BE HUNTER'S?

When the hour comes Hunter will be the man. The latest news received at Capetown, says the correspondent, as to Mafeking, points to the probability that the garrison was actually relieved on Sunday. The force under General Sir Archibald Hunter is believed to have started for Mafeking while General Barton was engaging the Boers at Ruidam (on May 5). It was hoped and reckoned that Hunter would

REACH MAFEKING ON SUNDAY,

or that, allowing for a day's delay through opposition, he would certainly get there Monday. News only comes by wire via Colonel Plumer and Bulawayo, and takes two days on the way. The glad tidings the world is so anxiously waiting for cannot well reach Capetown till Wednesday; but it is not too much to say that it is confidently expected to arrive at the latest then.

PRETORIA, May 12.

A meeting of Afrikander women was held here yesterday, and was attended by 350. A resolution was proposed asking the Government to provide the women with arms and ammunition, and suggesting that they should be allowed to do the work of the men now serving as officials in the town, and who ought to be fighting at the front instead. This resolution was carried unanimously. Referring to the decision of the Portuguese Government as to food-stuffs being contraband of war, the *Volksstem* says this will have an immediate effect upon the 4,000 British prisoners at Waterfall. The journal adds that it is the duty of the Transvaal Government to see that the reduced supply of necessaries is first divided among our own burghers and then among the subjects of the neutral Powers.

MR. G. FULLER.

A well-known Theatrical Agent who is Making Headway in the Variety and Circus World.

(*With Portrait.*)

MESSRS. FULLER AND HART, of 15, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C., the variety agents who joined forces some little time back, are making good headway, and have already secured some excellent bookings. They are representing some of the very best-known artistes in the variety and circus world, and should continue to do well. Mr. George Fuller is well known in the profession as the lucky husband of Miss Katie Lawrence, while Mr. David Hart is also well known as a variety agent, he having conducted his agency by himself for some time before being joined by Mr. Fuller. Mr. Percy R. Montanari, late of the Middlesex Music Hall, is with them in the capacity of managing secretary.

A PARTY OF COWBOYS WHO WOULD PAINT THE TOWN RED.

A Farmer's Wife Caused a Slight Alteration in their Programme.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

A STORY comes from Texas, where a party of cowboys who were bent on painting the town red met their match at the hands of a woman. Getting well filled up on bad whisky, they entered different houses, and the terrified occupants fled. They continued their march until reaching the house of a well-to-do farmer. Here, as usual, they commenced whirling their lassoes and threatening the people with their revolvers. The farmer's wife and two daughters were alone at the time, so the mother drew a revolver and shot the ringleader. The others wisely retired before further mischief was done. The wounded man was afterwards assisted out by his noisy companions.

HIS WIFE PLAYED THE PIANETTE TO SOOTHE HIM TO SLEEP.

With Music and Wine He Went to His Afternoon's Snooze.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

THERE is always one place that shows us the seamy side of domestic life, and that is the divorce court. Occasionally something funny, other times something romantic, but too often the vice and cruelty of mankind is exposed. The evidence in one case was peculiar, in which the gentleman, who, on his return from the hunting field, would consume a quantity of port wine, after which, without so much as removing his mud-stained boots and garments, threw himself upon a couch and compelled his wife to play several pieces of music until he had fallen into slumber induced by the wine and music.

THEY TOOK AWAY ALL HIS FURNITURE AND BELONGINGS,

And Left Their Tipsy Chum on the Hard Cold Boards.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

"SAVE me from my friends!" is the earnest entreaty of William Holt. Having partaken of the cup that cheers and also inebriates, he wisely retired to sleep off the whiskey effects. It was then that two of his chums turned up for a practical joke. Taking Willie's clothes, they stripped the room and walls, unscrewed the bed, removing that also, and in the empty room with only his shirt to cover him they left their pal to snore off the fumes of the liquor on the bare boards. On awakening and finding the joke which had been played upon him caused Willie to use several bad words which we cannot repeat here, and only hope sobriety will in future place him out of reach of the jokers.

TWO POWERFUL MEN PULL AGAINST TWO HORSES.

They Successfully Resisted the Animals Drawing Powers.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

To witness feats of strength there will always be a good company collected together, so on hearing that two men would pull against two horses caused no little sensation in the town of Three Rivers, Ontario. These men placed their feet against a beam fixed in the ground, and holding a plank to which was attached a strong yoke yoked to the horses. At a given signal the horses were set to pull, and the strain on the rope was visible, but it failed to drag the rope from the men's grasp, and after several attempts those who had backed the men were given to know they were on the right side when the contest was stopped, the men winning.

MISS MINNIE PALMER IS APPEARing at the Tivoli and Canterbury.

CHARLES LAURI IS APPEARING at the Oxford in his enormously successful sketch "Gelert."

MR. PENLEY HOPES TO OPEN HIS new Great Queen Street theatre some time this month.

THE PARAGON'S PROGRAMME THIS week includes a sketch entitled "The Worst Man in London." I reminded you last week that the fifteenth anniversary will be celebrated to-morrow (Thursday).

"CREMATION" IS THE TAKING title of a sketch playing at the National Palace, Croydon.

A SKETCH ENTITLED "THE Covent Garden Ball" was produced at the Oxford on Saturday afternoon last with much success.

GEO. KIRK AND CLEVER LITTLE Florrie Groves are appearing at the Battersea Palace in a sketch entitled "Meg."

THE KIMBERLEY BOYS ARE DOING well at Gatti's (both houses). Another important item is the sketch "Trixie's Trust," by Geo. Middleton and Co., which is also playing at both halls.

AT THE EMPRESS, BRIXTON, THE fine programme includes Miss Julie Mackey, Harry Pleon, Edwin Boyde, Miss Lydia Dreams, Dan Crawley, Miss Kate Carney, and Alec Hurley.

MESSRS. MOSS, STOLL, AND Thornton are arranging to give a series of simultaneous benefit performances at their London and Provincial Empires in aid of the sufferers by the Ottawa fire.

THE METROPOLITAN PROGRAMME includes new war pictures, Joe Archer (the talkative one), Geo. Robey (come away), Ernest Shand (of Tivoli fame), the dancing Lancashire Lads, Eugene Stratton, and Fred Walton and Miss Edith Bruce in the sketch "Our New Man," which they produced successfully a short time ago at the Oxford.

THE ALHAMBRA MANAGEMENT have added a unique turn to the already strong programme in "The American Choir Girl," a sweet-voiced young lady who sings divinely from an organ loft. Chung Ling Soo continues to angle successfully for gold fish in mid-air, Kelly and Gillette delight with their side-splitting billiard table business, and Fred Russell and his little coster friend (with new wheezes), some capital war pictures, and the ever-popular "Soldiers of the Queen" military display are attracting crowds to this handsome hall.

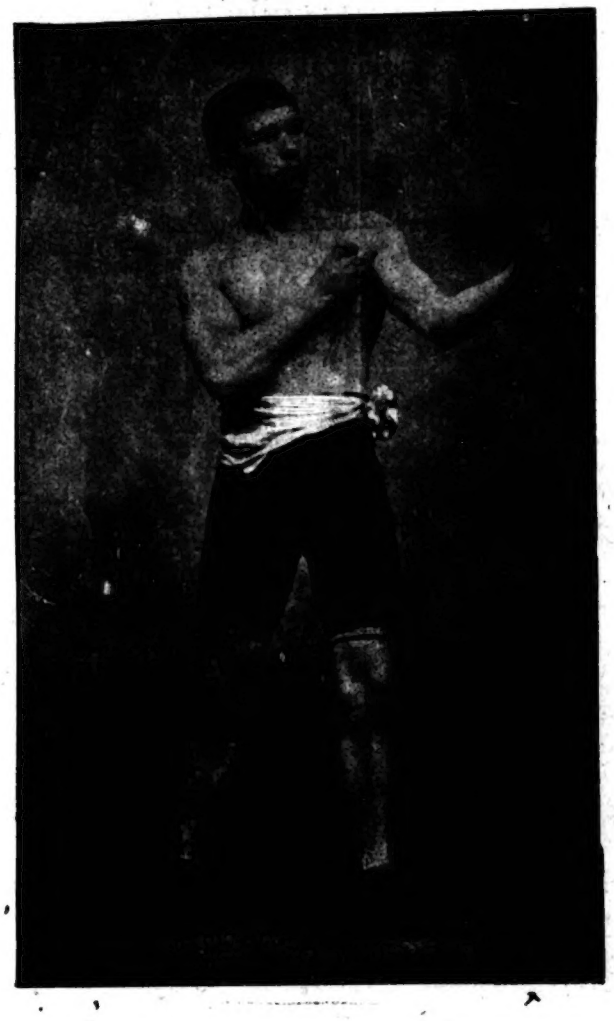
"KITTY GREY," THE DELIGHTFUL new comedy at the Vaudeville, deserves to rank high up in the list of London's theatrical attractions. It is screamingly funny without being foolish, and does not rely on the banging of doors and the usual horseplay which is unfortunately so often mistaken for fun. The interest is fully sustained throughout its three laughable acts, and is acted by an exceptionally clever crowd, who are nearly all tried *farceurs*, and carry the fun of the play along with that dash and rapidity which is so essential in productions of this character. All work hard and well for the undoubted success which this singularly interesting play has already attained.

AT COLLINS'S I FOUND MR. Barnes and his right hand man, Mr. Roberts, coping with a crowded audience. Dainty little Miss Emily Rafferty was warbling some of her father's successes when I entered, and was holding the audience. Will Dalton, with a song "Have a bit of Hokey-Pokey," created much laughter; George Robey, Harry Randall, Tom Leamore (as Rip Van Winkle), Pat Rafferty, dressed in khaki, who in song vows he may forget everything but "Ould Ireland on St. Patrick's Day," Harry Tate in a sketch in which the delineation of his many and varied characters his mimetic powers are well paraded, Eugene Stratton, Miss Marie Lloyd, Miss Vesta Victoria ("Good-bye Daddy"), Fred Russell, and others contribute to a first-rate entertainment all round.

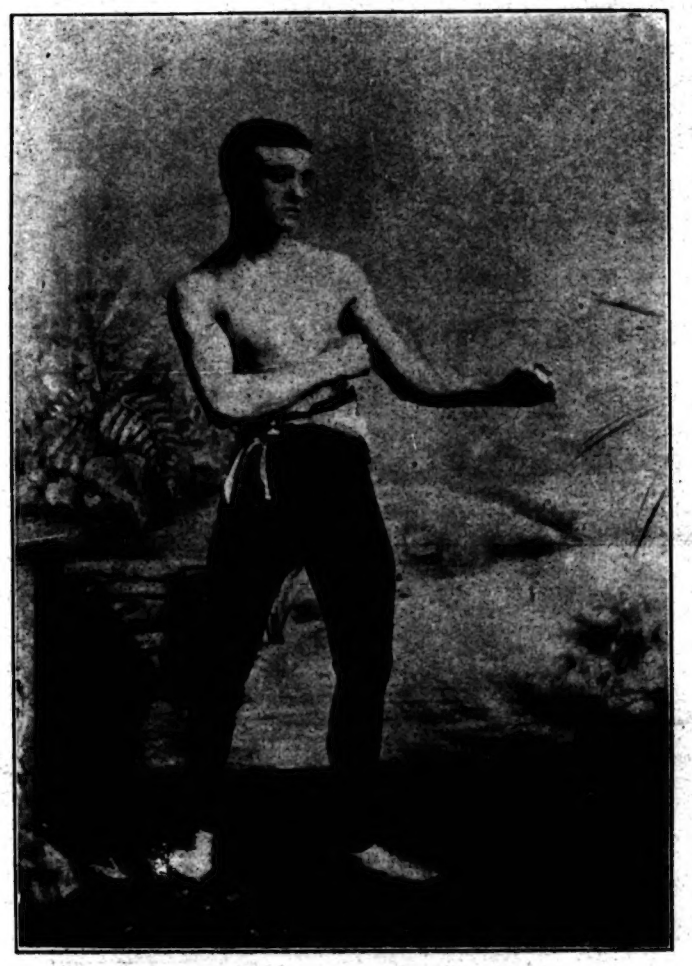
DAVE.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



TOM HALL,
A Clever Lad at 8st. 12lb., who Hails from Lambeth.



HARRY CHAMBERLAIN,
Who Met Ivor Thomas, of Wales, at the National Sporting Club, on Monday Evening, May 14.

A PARTY OF COWBOYS WHO WOULD PAINT THE TOWN RED.
A Farmer's Wife Caused a Slight Alteration in their Programme.

CAPTAIN BEAUMONT,
The Lion Tamer, who was Nearly Killed by the Lion Wallace on April 30.

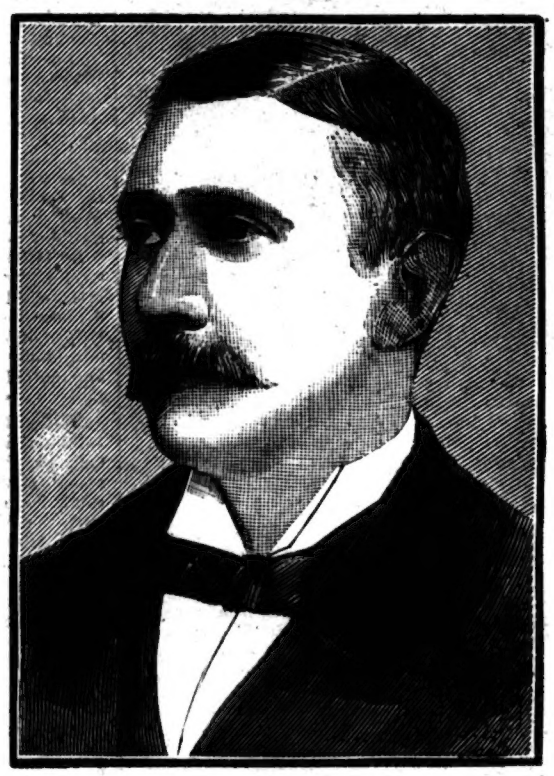
TOMMY WARREN,
Who 20 Years Ago was One of America's Best, Recently Defeated by Terry McGovern.

CISSY LOFTUS,
Who Recently Fell Off a Pier at Old Point, Comfort, Virginia, but was Rescued from Drowning by a U.S. Sailor.

A BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN A GOAT AND A RAM.
The Ram Proved too Good for the Goat.

COL. KEENAN,
An Old-Time Sport, Ex-Boxer and Now a Publican at D

A STEPMOTHER'S WICKED CRIME.
She Beat, Starved, and Otherwise Ill-Treated a Little Child of Nine.



MR. G. FULLER,
A Well-known Theatrical Agent, who is Making Headway in the Variety and Circus World.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE SPORTS.—The annual athletic sports in connection with the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, were continued on Thursday, a few preliminary events having been decided on the previous day. All Comers' Quarter-Mile Scratch Race.—Jacobs (Gymnastic Staff Sergeant), 1; Inward (college servant), 2; Cook (Squadron Sergeant-Major, 15th Hussars), 3. Time, 63sec. High Jump.—Cadet J. G. Kenworthy (B Company), 5ft 3in, 1; Cadet C. J. Wingfield (C Company), 5ft 2in, 2; Corporal R. C. Ross (B Company), 5ft 1in, 3. Half-Mile Scratch Race.—Cadet W. W. Marshall (E Company), 1; Cadet D. M. Field (B Company), 2; Corporal P. V. Holberton (F Company), 3. Time, 2min 10sec. Quarter-Mile Scratch Race.—Cadet W. Halswell (F), 1; Cadet F. S. Massey (D), 2; Under Officer A. Maclear (F), 3. Time, 54 4-5sec. Two Miles Scratch Race.—Cadet W. W. Marshall (E), 1; Cadet E. H. Tronsdale (B), 2; Cadet C. Y. C. La Coste (B), 3. Time, 10min 35 3-5sec. 200 Yards Flat Race.—Corporal R. W. MacDonald, 1; Cadet E. Robertson, 2; Cadet J. M. Salmond, 3. Time, 21 3-5sec. On Friday this meeting was brought to a most successful issue at Camberley. Cadet W. W. Marshall, who scored a double victory on Thursday, won the mile scratch race very easily by nearly 60yd. 100 Yards Flat Race.—Cadet F. S. Massy (D Company), 1; Cadet W. Halswell (F. Company), 2; Under-Officer B. Maclear (F Company), 3. Time, 11 1-5sec. 120 Yards Hurdle Race.—Under-Officer B. Maclear (F Company), 1; Cadet T. G. M. Harris (D. Company), 2; Cadet A. E. Bonham-Carter (E Company), 3. 120 Yards R.M.C. Officers' Handicap.—Captain E. G. Wynward, D.S.O., 8½yd start, 1; Captain H. C. McTier, 7½yd, 2; Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Talbot, 14yd, 3. Time, 13 3-5sec. One Mile Scratch Race.—Cadet W. W. Marshall (E Company), 1; Cadet E. H. Trousdale (B Company), 2; Cadet B. Halswell (F Company), 3. Time, 4min 42sec. 120 Yards Race.—Cadet P. V. Holberton, 1; Cadet F. P. Massy, 2; Cadet B. H. Hall, 3. Won by a yard; two yards between second and third. Time, 13sec. 200 Yards Strangers' Invitation Race.—A. J. Anderson, A.S.C., 1; J. C. Hopwood, R.I.E.C., 2; P. J. Dormehl, R.I.E.C., 3. Time, 23sec. Tug of War.—A Company beat F Company by two pulls to nil. The company challenge shield for the company scoring the most marks during the meeting was won by F Company, with 127 marks, the holders, D Company, having only 47 marks.

WONDERLAND HAS SEEN MANY changes in its time, being years ago the Old Effingham Saloon, the Effingham Theatre, the East London Theatre, Tower Hamlets' Drill Hall, Special District Post-Office, music-hall, menagerie, boxing saloon, &c. The courteous proprietor, Mr. Woolf, wishing to add to the fund for the widows and orphans of Tommy Atkins, called a special preliminary meeting to discuss whether the Tower Hamlets could not arrange a gigantic carnival. A very representative gathering answered the call, and finally the following were selected as the executive: chairman, Mr. Dalby Williams; treasurer, Mr. Lawson, *Daily Telegraph*; hon. secretary, Mr. Woolf; hon. assistant secretaries, Messrs. Hamlyn and Munro; executive committee, Messrs. Fitzhall, Gibbs, C. Barratt, L.C.C., Anderson, W. Harris, Captain B. J. Friend, Valentine, Myers, Barber, Chappell, Van Gelder, Harrison, Carmen, Moule, Roland, Ryley, Laing, Perry, Johnson, L.C.C., Vinley, Heiser, Wheeley, Whittingham, Richardson (*Daily Telegraph*), Joseph (MIRROR OF LIFE), &c. It is bound, with the help of the East London clubs and societies, to beat all previous endeavours and add considerably to the famous *Telegraph* Fund.

R.A.O.B. — BOB WILLIAMS, THE younger, is like his father, ever foremost in the cause of philanthropy. So as the "old 'un" had such a successful morning on the 7th at the Weavers' Arms, Drysdale Street, Hoxton, in aid of the Buffalo Hospital Society, Young Bob is going to endeavour to make a record on Sunday next, the 20th inst. Both father and son are so well known as sportsmen of the first water that a fine gathering can with confidence be anticipated, and the Metropolitan Hospital should materially benefit. The chair is taken at 1.15 p.m. prompt and the concert closes at three. Well, success to you, Young Bob, and may your effort beat the old man's.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY Sports.—This meeting took place on Friday with the following results:—100 Yards Race.—V. R. Cotter, 1; L. J. W. Robinson, 2; N. R. Chance, 3. Time, 10 4-5sec. Half-Mile Race.—T. McGowan, 1; H. C. Hawtrey, 2; P. E. Collen, 3. Time, 2min 6 1-5sec. High Jump.—E. D. Carden, 5ft 2¼in, 1. Throwing the Cricket Ball.—A. J. G. Bird, 89yd, 1. 300 Yards Handicap.—H. Trevelyan, 22yd start, 1; N. R. Chance, 4yd, 2; W. K. P. Blair, 18yd, 3. Time, 34sec. One Mile Race.—H. C. Hawtrey, 1; T. McGowan, 2; G. Heygate, 3. Long Jump.—G. W. Yule, 18ft 8¼in, 1; E. W. Gay-Roberts, 18ft 4in, 2. Two Miles Race.—H. C. Hawtrey, 1; K. Willett, 2; T. McGowan, 3. Half-Mile Handicap.—P. E. Collen, 10yd start, 1; W. K. P. Blair, 20yd, 2; A. J. Swinton, 30yd, 3. Won by three yards, a yard dividing second and third. Time, 2min 15 4-5sec. 120 Yards Hurdle Race.—A. D. St. G. Bremner, 1; A. J. G. Bird, 2. Time, 18 2-5sec. Quarter of a Mile Invitation Race.—F. P. Woodward, L.A.C., 10yd start, 1; G. W. Jones, L.A.C., 12yd, 2; F. R. D. Monro, L.A.C., 8yd, 3. Time, 51 3-5sec.

GEORGE SKITTLE CLUB SPORTS at Harlesden Meadows.—The weather, although fine, was extremely cold when the members of this premier Peckham club had their initiatory outing of the season on the 12th. Results of races: 150 Yards Handicap.—Heat 1. C. Mortby, 40yds, 1; W. Collier, scratch, 2. Seven ran. A really good race. Heat 2. W. Wood, 5yds, 1; E. F. Garman, scratch, 2. Six ran. Heat 3. G. Lawrence, 20yds, 1; A. Parr, 10yds, 2. Five ran. Lawrence won by a foot splendidly. Final heat. Mortby, 40yds, 1; W. Wood, 5yds, 2; Lawrence, 20yds, 3; the rest in a heap. A credit to the handicapper. One Mile Walk.—T. Steel, 1; C. Mitchell, 2; J. Johnson, 3. Johnson had to be repeatedly cautioned, and was decidedly fortunate in getting third. The winner received a special prize for covering the mile in 7min 28sec. Tug of War.—Married beat single. High Jump.—Collier, 1; Wright, 2; Garman, 3. Long Jump.—Wright, 1; Collier, 2; Rivett, 3. One Mile Bicycle.—G. Wines, 1; J. Davies, 2; C. Rivett, 3. Time, 3min 14sec. Starter, Joe Davis; referee, George Wines.

BAGATELLE.—Tom Robinson and Alf Palmer v. Alf Witherwick and Sherman. The best of three games home and home, 201 up, for a trophy and a spread. The first of the match came off at the Weavers' Arms, Drysdale Street, Kingsland, on Friday. Witherwick, of the White Horse, Hoxton, and partner proved themselves very thick at the start, and Palmer's luck was dead out; he continually broke down at some very easy shots, while Tom played consistently. Then half-way through Sherman had his share of bad luck. It was a fine contested game right to the finish. Palmer, who always seems a slow beginner, came with a rattle and won the game for the Weavers by 19 points. The next match takes place at the Alma, Brick Lane, on Thursday. Mr. Barker was score-taker, and H. J. Carrington (MIRROR OF LIFE) referee.

WALKING.—JACK TEW, OF BRENTford, having no backers, will walk anyone in Middlesex for the one mile championship. Failing a match with anyone in Middlesex, J. T. will give F. R. Budgen, champion boy walker, 250 yards start in a mile if any sportsman will give a prize worth walking for. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED Cricketer.—The death has taken place, at the age of seventy-four, of the well-known Middlesex cricketer, Thomas Hearne, who had been seriously ill for some days past at his residence at Ealing, and who succumbed on Sunday afternoon. Hearne, who was one of the mainstays of the Middlesex team in the sixties and early seventies, was recently appointed head of the ground staff at Lord's. In the course of his career as a cricketer, no fewer than twenty innings of over 50 were placed to his credit, and he also did well as a bowler.

A RENDEZVOUS FOR CRICKET, Cycling, and Football Clubs.—Recently Mr. Felix Lambert, of Manor Street, High Street, Clapham, became proprietor of the Prince of Wales, Old Town, Clapham. It is a famous rendezvous of cricket, cycling, and football clubs.

THE DARNLEY BROTHERS ARE fulfilling an important engagement at the Queen's, Poplar, Walton and Lester are amusing with their clever fooling, Vosper, the quick change artiste, Miss Rose Hamilton, the Musical Mascots, Garden Quintette, Miss Dora Lyric, Ernest D'Almaine, Miss Jennie Mirette, Rowland Hill, Sisters Swinston, R. W. Bentley, Miss Daisy Morell, the Levardos, and a capital sketch, "The Colleen Bawn," completes the bill.

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Address at once to L. GEORGE & CO., 10, Holywell Street, Strand, London, W.C.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, May 5, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

BOXING has triumphed over the Police Board, and there will be fights in plenty in New York until September 1, when the Horton law dies officially. When George Considine, manager of the Broadway Athletic Club, and the two boxers were brought up for trial yesterday for being concerned in a boxing bout for which no license had been granted, District-Attorney Daniel O'Reilly asked for their discharge, declaring that according to the belief of the District-Attorney's offices licenses were not required by incorporated clubs. Later in the day the Police Commissioners discussed the move, and decided to call off the police, awaiting the opinion of the Corporation counsel, which they have requested. The decision rendered by Magistrate Meade in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday in discharging Considine and the two boxers is considered a big victory for the game. When the case came up yesterday, Assistant District-Attorney O'Reilly was on hand to represent the Police Board. He said that he had considered the matter carefully, and was satisfied that Police Commissioner York's interpretation of the law was wrong, and that the Broadway A.C. does not require a license in order to give boxing exhibitions. After hearing the case, the magistrate said that he had spent some time in looking into the case, and that he was of the same opinion, and dismissed the prisoners. Immediately after the decision was rendered the managers of the Coney Island Athletic Club started to post their bill boards announcing the Corbett-Jeffries fight, which is scheduled to take place on May 11. Corbett and Jeffries have been training hard for the battle, expecting that the matter would be settled at any time, and as a result are in good condition to fight on the scheduled date. George Dixon has decided to sell his saloon in Sixth Avenue and re-enter the ring. Although Dixon has been doing a rushing trade, he thinks it is far better to put on the gloves than to stand in front of the bar and greet thirsty customers. About two weeks ago Dixon deserted the place and did not show up for several days. When his manager, Tom O'Rourke, heard about it, he told Dixon to return to business. Dixon, however, was obdurate, and said he would rather fight, and so Tom gave in and now the place is for sale. Dixon has been matched to fight Terry McGovern again, and the pair will shortly appear in Chicago in a six rounds bout. Dixon is now training at New Dorp, Staten Island. He has also engagements in Philadelphia and Denver. Joe Gans may purchase the saloon. J. J. Jeffries, of California, may hereafter be known as a Jerseyman, as well, he having bought to-day from his manager, W. A. Brady, that piece of property in Loch Arbor where he has trained for all his championship battles. The property is a beautiful plot on the banks of Deal Lake and is a grand place for training purposes. Jeffries says he had as hard a day's work wrestling with Brady about the price and transfer as any he has put in while training. The price was $5,000. Jeffries continued training as the deal was being consummated, and the day's work was of the same character as that of last week. Charles Goff, of Spokane, Wash., was defeated in seven rounds last Thursday night at the Genesee A.C., Utica, by George Gardner, of Lowell, Mass. The men were scheduled to go twenty rounds at 158lb, but Goff never had a chance to win after the second round. Gardner landed almost at will and easily avoided Goff's leads. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh rounds, Goff was badly punished and his principal second, Billy Madden, threw up the sponge. The twenty rounds bout at Stamford last Tuesday night between Australian Billy Edwards, of Yonkers, and Jack Fox, of Brooklyn, was declared a draw by the referee, Marty McCue. The men fought at 145lb, and the contest was warm and even throughout. Edwards appeared to be a trifle the cleverer, his dodging being of a high order. A petition signed by all the local clergy and several citizens asking Mayor Cummings to prevent the fight was handed to the Mayor, but he refused to interfere. George Siler will not referee any more in Chicago, as he has resigned his position. He was practically compelled to do so by the action taken by the officials of the Tattersall's A.C., in that city, who only offered him the privilege of refereeing the preliminary bouts, which hurt his feelings so much that, rather than be placed beneath another referee, he decided to resign. A stray dog is causing Kid McCoy a good deal of worrying. Yesterday the animal ran into the fighter's place and when the Kid tried to chase the canine away it bit him in the left hand. The wound is only a slight one, but McCoy is afraid that the dog may have rabies. He had the wound cauterised.

THE TATTLER.

E. SMITH.

A 10st 4lb Boxer Well Known in the Punjab.

(With Portrait.)

THE following is his record: Defeated Tom Casey and Dan Phillips, of Deptford, for a purse, 6rds and 8rds respectively. Next defeated Jack Manning, of Hackney (raw 'uns), to a finish. Private James, Essex Regiment, 8rds, old style. Defeated by "Pop" Nixon, of Lambeth, 6rds. Defeated "Pop" Nixon, finish fight (raw 'uns). Tipper Tonks and Lew Walker went under in 3rds each. Won open competition, Terozepore, defeating Billy Horne, Seaforth Highlanders, in the final. Defeated by Patsy Tuke, Inniss. Fus., 3rds. Defeated Private Meehan, Dublin Fus., 4rds. Defeated by Private Barry, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment, 4rds (open competition). Defeated Tom Barratt, Devon Regiment, 6rds competition and purse. Defeated Private Bob Firminger, Devon Regiment, 6rds competition and purse. Matched with Lew McGuinness for championship of the Punjab, but owing to military restrictions the match fell through. Now matched with Private Barry, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment, 20rds.

THE TORONTO EXPRESS SAVED FROM DISASTER.

A Man Signals the Train with His Burning Shirt to Avoid a Calamity.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CANADA seems to be suffering in many ways. The unfortunate fire at Ottawa was followed by a storm that carried devastation in its rear. Houses were blown roofless, and trees thrown across the railway tracks made travelling dangerous. After escaping other disasters on the Canadian Pacific Railroad one man was just in time to stop the express from an accident. The oncoming train was bound for destruction had the driver not been forewarned. The man in question, C. Reilly, took off his shirt, and setting fire to the garment, waved it frantically before the obstruction on the line, and thus saved probably every life in the train.

A SWISS GUIDE'S AWFUL DEATH.

Stumbled over the Rocks and Dashed to Pieces.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A TERRIBLE accident has befallen a Swiss guide. This did not happen to him in the usual routine of his work as guide, but while stooping to pluck a flower he slipped forward and fell over the rocks a distance of eighty feet, and was found later dead, death being instantaneous. The man was well known as an expert mountaineer, having ascended Mount Blanc any number of times, and was greatly respected by all who came in contact with him.

GEO. CROWE,

The Sprint Champion of Ulster and Member of the Cliftonville A.C.

(With Portrait.)

G. CROWE is the best short-distance runner in Ulster, and can justly lay claim to the above title, seeing that he has won the 100, 220, and 440yds championships of the province during 1897. His career has been short but brilliant, whilst his honours have not all been obtained on this side of the Channel, having performed most creditably at Lancashire and Yorkshire meetings.

CAPTAIN BEAUMONT.

The Lion Tamer who was Nearly Killed the Lion Wallace on April 30.

(With Portrait.)

CAPTAIN BEAUMONT, the lion tamer, enters the cage of the lion Wallace at Purchase's Menagerie. On the day in question he went into the den as usual when Wallace sprang upon him and lacerated his arms and legs. But for the timely aid of the attendants with hot irons Beaumont would assuredly have been killed.

NEXT WEEK

we shall Publish a Specially Written Report of the Great Fight between

JAS. J. JEFFRIES

AND

JAS. J. CORBETT

for the Heavy-Weight Championship of the World, from our own correspondent at the Ringside.

DON'T FORGET TO BUY NEXT WEEK'S

MIRROR OF LIFE,

The only Illustrated Sporting Weekly in Great Britain.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during May:—

MAY 21.—At the National Sporting Club Covent Garden, Tom Woodley v. George Penny, ten rounds; also Heavy-weight Novices' Competition.

MAY 21—Tom Herrick's Grand Assault-at-Arms, at Manley's Circus, York Road, Battersea. Bill Whiteley v. Jack Hennessy, ten rounds; Johnny Treader v. W. Burton, ten rounds; Bill Easy v. Harry Connell, ten rounds; Billy Smith v. Alf Milson, eight rounds; Fred Waller v. Mike Keiley, eight rounds; George Crockett v. "Tinker" Stanley; Harry Spurden v. G. Johnson, four rounds.

MAY 28.—At the National Sporting Club, "Pedlar" Palmer v. Harry Ware, fifteen rounds; Great International Contest, Tommy Hogan (America) v. Ben Jordan (England), fifteen rounds; Bill Wood v. George Cunningham, ten rounds, and other boxing.

GREAT PUGILISTIC BATTLE FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM CORBETT v. JEM JEFFRIES.

THE CONTEST OF THE CENTURY.

The smith a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands.
The muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands.

THUS THE AMERICAN POET, Longfellow, sang about the village smith, and the same lines are equally applicable to that other product of the American soil, Jem Jeffries. Strange that these two Jems who fought the battle of the century should have been raised almost in the same quarter of the big continent. No man could be more biting in his sarcasm than Douglas Jerrold, and once he was unduly hard on a fellow confrère on the staff of *Punch*, Albert Smith. "Don't be so hard on me, Jerrold," said Albert; "remember, we row in the same boat." "Yes," answered Jerrold, "*but with different skulls.*" So we may say of Jeffries and Corbett. Although reared in the same place they rowed with different skulls, for whereas Jem Corbett was brought up as a bank clerk in the firm of John Flood, of California, Jem Jeffries took a lower rôle, and was brought up as a drummer—that is the man using the big sledge-hammer which clenches the red-hot rivets driven into huge boilers or huge girders for bridges. Jem Jeffries is not the first pugilistic champion who has emerged from wielding the hammer to wielding his fists. Joe Wormald, who won the pugilistic championship of England by defeating Andrew Marsden, was a smith's hammerman, and few men could hit harder than Joe, or were more scientific. Wielding the hammer strengthens and develops the muscles at the back of the shoulders and makes the limbs loose; and when we say some of the best fighters have been workers in iron, we don't think we are far wrong. When Fitzsimmons was matched with Jem Corbett, THE MIRROR OF LIFE was the only paper which gave Fitzsimmons as a certain winner. And for why? Simply because Fitzsimmons had served an apprenticeship to developing those very muscles most requisite for delivering a blow with force. A bank clerk, unless he finishes his man off early in the contest, can never be expected to wear out a man the very nature of whose occupation has conduced to his endurance. Thus it was seen that while Jem Corbett was all over Fitzsimmons, and by his scientific jabs made Fitz to look a most blood stained and pitiable object, none of Jem's blows were of vital importance, yet just as Corbett looked all over a winner Fitzsimmons gets home a clinker on the mark (Broughton's mark), called in these days the solar plexus, just as an uppercut is called a hook hit. These blows only take effect when a man is in a weakened state. Endurance is only limited, and when a man has gone to the limit of his endurance Nature deserts him; and a blow which would prove harmless in the earlier portion of a contest produces insensibility in the latter portion. We have seen boxers absolutely fall down, and the timekeeper count them out, not from a knockout blow, but simply from the fact that they had gone to the end of their tether, and they could not struggle against Nature.

The unexpected more often happens than not, and it was the unexpected that happened on Friday night last in the contest between Jem Jeffries and Jem Corbett. On form it looked as though Jem Jeffries had a soft thing, or that this contest between champions was a gate-money meeting. How the 10,000 assembled sports were agreeably disappointed is told in the fight, which, up to the downfall of Corbett in the twenty-third round, looked Corbett's own. We saw the same thing happen once upon a time at Lambeth School at Arms when Dave Burke and Bill Reader, two famous feather-weights, fought. The Blue Anchor mob, who had assembled in great force, were laying odds on Dave Burke; but in the next round the latter fell prostrate and insensible on the boards, simply because he had shot his bolt. This we had from Dave, although the reporter, who had his eye fixed on his copy at the time of the occurrence, gave forth that Dave Burke was knocked out by Bill Reader with the usual "slinging right." There is no doubt Jem Corbett did not study that trite maxim, "Know thyself," or else he would have made this contest for 20 rounds. Had the contest been 20 rounds instead of 25, Corbett must have been returned the winner on points. "Et tu Brutus," in the language of the greatest Roman of them all, Julius Cæsar, spoke Jem Corbett to his former manager Bill Brady. Said Corbett, "You once helped to make me champion, and now you are doing your best to take it from me." "Certainly," remarked Brady, "I learned something when I was along with you." Thereto hangs a tale. Brady learned the distance that Jem Corbett could travel with safety, and in this may lie the secret of the 25 rounds. The same difference exists in the personality of the two champions as in their boxing. While Jem Corbett is elegance personified in the matter of evening dress. Jem Jeffries never affects the war paint, and dresses more like a lumberman in his Sunday attire. What struck us more particularly with Jem Jeffries was that in a shirt front which we should describe as a workman's, coloured and unacquainted with starch, Jeffries had a diamond as large as a nut—in habiliments and ways the drummer and the bank clerk were as dissimilar as in their fighting.

Many years ago Ben Caunt had a potboy who afterwards made a name for himself in the annals of the Prize Ring as Job Cobley. Now, Job was so very sanguine that he was christened by some of the Corinthians using Ben's house "The Enthusiastic Potboy"; and this "Enthusiastic" was corrupted in turn by the Fancy into "Elastic Potboy." Much more than Job Cobley might Jem Corbett be called the enthusiastic champion. Jem excels in the polite letter-writer, and over and over again has Jem Corbett likened himself to the racer, and t'other Jem (Jeffries) to the slow and ponderous carthorse, and what the racehorse would do with the sturdy carthorse. This at the time looked as mere frothy verbosity was very near coming out O.K. While Jem Corbett wears those optimistic glasses which enables him to see things in their brightest light, Jem lives in a paradise of refreshment, light, and peace. What would cause some men to seek the conventual shade, or the hermit's cell, only throws the slightest shadow on the enthusiasm of Jem. So sanguine was he of winning in his contest with Fitz that his enthusiasm became contagious and Corbett père put everything—houses and land, in fact, all he possessed—on his son's fight with Fitzsimmons, with the result that a domestic tragedy, unexampled in the annals of the prize ring or few other annals, took place. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand after this would have quitted the ring, but not so Jem Corbett. Jem's enthusiastic nature came to his aid, and his spirits, depressed for a time, rose once more buoyantly, and the match between Jem and his opponent (Jeffries), which was never looked upon in a serious aspect, resolved itself into one of the best fights of the century (1900). How different this battle to the meeting between Jem Jeffries and Tom Sharkey: there almost every rule (Queensberry) is outraged by Sharkey, while in this contest the referee had not to give one word of caution. It was a contest between science and strength, and strength and some amount of science prevailed. In every round Corbett showed himself a past master in getting something for nothing, and his ability in hitting, stopping, and getting away would have won him the battle had his staying powers been equal to his science. Jem Jeffries was brought up to work, he was innured to it, consequently when Jem Corbett had undoubtedly shot his bolt, Jeffries, strong as a lion, was able to deliver a blow which was sufficient with the aid of declining nature to put an end to the combat. Jem Corbett put up a most brilliant fight—a fight totally unexpected by Jem's most ardent admirers—good enough to win him the championship against any other man but this prodigy of strength, who entered the ring weighing 16st, an amount of avoirdupois largely in advance of any other champion, ancient or modern. The only way to gauge a man's ability is "a fight to a finish," and whoever Jem Jeffries takes on at this game must be a champion of champions. By the side of Jem Corbett, Tom Sharkey is simply a huge rough who, under a referee conversant with the laws of the game and firm enough to act up to them, should have been disqualified half-a-dozen times in his match with Jeffries. Fitzsimmons is the only boxer who stands a chance with the other worker in iron, and even Fitz will stand but a poor chance if the contest is made to a finish.

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New York, May 11:—At the Seaside Sporting Club, Coney Island, on Friday evening, Jeffries and Corbett fought for the heavy-weight championship of the world, the winner receiving 60 per cent. of the gross receipts. At 7.40 the betting was 5 to 2 on Jeffries, with plenty of Corbett money in sight at that price. Jeffries gave his weight at 210lb (15st), and Corbett at 182lb (13st). The seconds for Jeffries were Tommy Ryan, Jack Jeffries (a brother), "Bolly" Brady, Edward Dunkhorse (a brother), and for Corbett Gus Ruhlin, John Considine, and Leo Fardello. The match was fought under straight Queensberry Rules, but in the case of a clinch the referee was empowered to get between the men. The combatants stepped into the ring at 10.40, and it was not until the twenty-third round that Corbett was knocked out. The knock-out was decisive, and the finishing blow came as a sudden and startling surprise. Corbett had been making a wonderful battle. His defence was absolutely perfect, and, while lacking in strength, he had more than held his own, and apparently stood an excellent chance of winning had the fight continued to the limit. Corbett had not been badly punished, and he had managed to mark Jeffries severely. The winning punch was a short right jolt to the jaw. Corbett dropped like a weight, and was undoubtedly out. Jeffries showed his ability to take a punching and go any distance and punch hard. He was clearly outboxed, and at times was made to look like a novice by Corbett's superior skill. Before the end of the fight came the sympathies of the crowd, which numbered fully 8,000, were clearly with Corbett, and his defeat was received almost in silence. The cheers for him when he revived and left the ring were most hearty, and he was shown more consideration generally than the victor. The fight shows that Corbett is still a factor in pugilism, and has regained much of his old time form. The battle was cleanly fought, and it is doubtful whether a single infraction of the rules occurred. The conduct of the crowd was most orderly. Jeffries, himself, and White, who stood on his side, say the knock-out blow was a right-hand swing. A hundred times Corbett had ducked under left swings that would have ended him just as the final punch did. Corbett's strategy was to jab and get away, and when Jeffries stood over the quivering form of his antagonist his face showed marks of the punishment Corbett had inflicted. Jeffries won by his strength—both that strength which lies in the power of massive muscle and that which is the essence of vitality. He made the pace for most of the distance, and at the end was still strong and effective. White said, "There never was a squarer or fairer contest. Both men fought fairly, and acted up to the rules. The winner fought an uphill fight all the way, while the loser deserves all praise that can possibly be given him. His footwork was simply perfect, and he is to be congratulated on his return to his old form." Corbett said, "Although I don't know how it happened, I guess it was all right. I fought my best, and felt good until the punch came. That ended my aspirations for the time being." Corbett added that he would like another chance if Jeffries would accord him the privilege. Jeffries says:—"Corbett gave me the best fight of my career. It was really a surprise. I think I would have whipped him sooner had not my left arm given out early in the fight, but I knew I should eventually land the blow which I had been looking for all along.' There was a brief wrangle before the fight began over the bandages on Corbett's hands, but he was finally allowed to wear them. Corbett was like a panther on his feet, and darted in and out with confusing speed. Jeffries kept going, but seemed awkward in comparison, Jeffries fought in his crouching attitude which Fitzsimmons found so difficult to cope with. He quickly began to use his strength, and in clinches threw a little of it on to Corbett, but it was a long time before it began to tell. The pace was one that would have told against any man not perfectly prepared. By the seventeenth round Jeffries began a series of desperate rushes, in which he mixed it fiercely with Corbett. At the twentieth round it looked as if Corbett would stay to the limit, as he had avoided any serious punishment. Jeffries' nose bled profusely. Corbett either stepped aside from Jeffries' terrible rushes or ducked into clinches. Jeffries was hammering away, however, and was strong and game. The end came with great suddenness. The men had had two fierce rallies, followed each time by long-range sparring, and were at close quarters again, both fighting fast and hard. Suddenly the report of a sharp blow was heard and Corbett dropped. The fallen fighter was carried to his corner, the round having lasted 2min 11sec. The moment after White had counted Corbett out he regained his feet, and his seconds had little difficulty in reviving him.

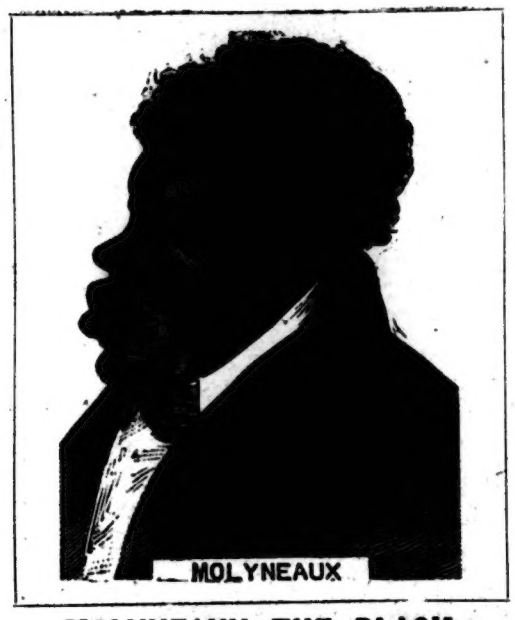
DELANEY, OF BRADFORD, v. Ernest Brady, of Newcastle.—Ernest Brady, of Newcastle, writes from New Inn, Scarcroft, near Leeds:—Just a few lines to let you know where I am. I am training at a litt'e country place seven miles out of Leeds, kept by Mr. Harry Rathbone, called the New Inn, which I can recommend to boxers training in Yorkshire. I am fit and well and know I will give a good account of myself on May 21 when I box Delaney, of Bradford, at Leeds in County Athletic Club. Also would be pleased if Ted Wood would write to above address.

DAVID SWANSON (PIE DAVIE), OF Edinburgh, having defeated Bill Moncur, of the same town, and hearing so much of the abilities of one Jim Renwick (Big Jimmie), would like to make a match for £25 a-side, catch-weight, the winner to take all, including gate.

JEM BARRY, OF ST. JAMES'S, hearing Billy Ross is in want of a match, is willing to meet Billy Ross (Ross Combination) at 9st 6lb if a purse is forthcoming at Stalybridge or West Hartlepool. Will have a side stake on the result. An answer from Billy Ross will be at once attended to.

"RICHARD TROUT" (W. P. GLYNN), of Portsmouth, informs his challengers that he has retired from the ranks of professional boxers, and it is useless to challenge him any more. He also begs to thank his London friends for the handsome oil painting presented to him on his retirement from the ring.

(*Continued on page* 10.)



MOLYNEAUX, THE BLACK,
Who was Twice Defeated by Tom Cribb, the Champion of England.

JOHN GULLY,
The Celebrated Pugilist who, in 1808, Declined to Accept the Honour of Champion of England.

E. SMITH.
A 10st. 4lb. Boxer, well-known in the Punjaub.

TWO POWERFUL MEN PULL AGAINST TWO HORSES.
They Successfully Resisted the Animals' Drawing Power.

SAM COLLIER,
An Old-Time American Champion.

THEY TOOK AWAY ALL HIS FURNITURE AND BELONGINGS,
And Left their Tipsy Chum on the Hard, Cold Boards.

GEO. CROWE,
The Sprint Champion of Ulster, and Member of the Cliftonville A.C.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.
6. 7. 8. 9.
10. 11.

A GROUP OF PROMINENT ATHLETES AT THE FRONT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

No. 1.—Landour Savage, the Renowned Hunter and Traveller. No. 2.—J. Head. No. 3.—Tom Burrows, the Champion Club Swinger. No. 4.—R. Broome. No. 5.—R. Savory, Olympian F.C. No. 6.—G. Ford, Guy's Hospital F.C. No. 7.—H. C. Davey. No. 8.—H. Taker. No. 9.—C. Verrall. No. 10.—F. H. Hellyar, Ealing Rugby F.C. No. 11.—Jack Bond, Woking F.C.

HIS WIFE PLAYED THE PIANETTE TO SOOTH HIM TO SLEEP.

With Music and Wine he Went to his Afternoon Snooze.

(Continued from Page 7.)

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

IVOR THOMAS, OF PONTYPRIDD, GAINS A DECISION OVER HARRY CHAMBERLAIN.

THE BOXING ON MONDAY EVENING was not of the most scientific order, but was full of interest all through, if we except the first bout of the 10st novices' competition, when it could be plainly seen that Clark was not out to extend his opponent, Casey, the ultimate winner. The other boxing was very satisfactory, for if the exponents displayed only a slight knowledge of the game, they showed plenty of courage and administered a plentiful supply of hard knocks all through the competition. The principal event was the meeting between Harry Chamberlain, of Bow, and Ivor Thomas, of Wales. The latter's ability to take punishment unflinchingly, combined with extra strength, enabled the youth from the Principality to score over his clever rival after a very close and interesting fifteen rounds, the winner receiving his announcement of victory with a jig step, and shaking hands with his opponent they left the ring very little the worse for their encounter. The officials were Mr. J. Douglas, referee; Mr. Eugene Corri, timekeeper; Mr. A. F. Bettinson, M.C. Judges for the competition, Messrs. Tom Scott and L. Barnard; Pat Condon and Arthur Gutteridge seconded the competitors. Details:—

10st NOVICES' COMPETITION.

FIRST SERIES.

M. CASEY beat CLARK
(Bethnal Green) (Islington).

Clark, shorter but heavier of the pair, opened hostilities very lightly, and the referee was early called upon to caution the men. They went a bit better in the second round, Clark scoring with several straight lefts. Casey tried the right, but missed, and they clinched each time. Up for the third round, Casey was always first, and scored well with the left.

GOWLETT beat AMOR
(Lambeth) (Hoxton).

Gowlett was covered with decorative tattoo marks all over his chest, back, and limbs. Amor, taller, forced the work, and in a hard-hitting, give-and-take round had perhaps a trifle the best of the business. In the second round Gowlett found the floor, but, rising quickly, nearly had Amor in trouble, but the latter pluckily stuck to his man. The third round was busily contested, and with a right-hand swing on the jaw Gowlett sent his man down, where he remained to be counted out.

JEM PASSEY beat JACK HALE
(Highgate) (Islington).

Passey was bigger and stronger than Hale, and after being sent down several times the referee stopped the contest.

J. NEAL beat P. ORWELL
(Stratford) (Ratcliff).

Very little science, with plenty of leg work. The pair battled all over the ring. Neal brought his man to the boards, and the contest ended in his favour in the first round.

SECOND SERIES.

CASEY beat GOWLETT.

Casey boxed in very different fashion in this round, and twice floored Gowlett, who, being in trouble, the referee stopped the contest.

NEAL beat PASSEY.

A very evenly matched pair. After a slight spar Neal landed a stiff right on Passey's jaw. Another spar and Passey was sent down, where he took his time on one knee. Sharp work all through the second round, and Passey, gamely sticking to his man, made things hum. Passey was game, but in a hard-hitting round a straight punch with the right on the short ribs was too much for Passey, who held out his hand in token of defeat.

FINAL.

CASEY beat NEAL.

Casey carefully evaded the right and left swings of his opponent, and scoring with the left rather cleverly won.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

ALF CAREY beat ALF HOLDING
(Lambeth), (Kennington).

Holding bigger, but he did not know so much as Carey, who was first off, scoring well all through. Leaving their seats for the second time Carey made play for the body; he then drove the right sharply on the dial, sending Holding down. The latter rose slowly, a bit dazed, but finished out time. The third round Carey scored on the ribs, but on trying the right missed, and Holding went better. The fourth meeting Holding improved and made matters a bit more even. Carey tried a few leads and neatly uppercut his opponent in the fifth round, but Holding could not keep out the left from his dial. The last round Carey scored a bit quicker and won.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

JOHNNY THOMAS beat ALF LEEPER
(Leather Lane) (Stratford).

Thomas, quite a swell in French grey knickers and white shoes, travelled along in careful style, having the best of a rough, hard round. The second round both used their lefts and rights freely, and mixed it with some hot work. The third go they made use of the ring, and after Thomas had done most of the business, he accomplished the end with a right hand punch.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

IVOR THOMAS beat HARRY CHAMBERLAIN
(Pontypridd) (London).

Harry Chamberlain had Barney Sheppard, Bill Whatley, and Bill Fox in his corner, while Ivor Thomas had Ted White and Bill Baxter to attend to him. On coming to the scratch both looked trained to the hour. Ivor rushed and swung the left, several clinches, both landed on the dial. Quick work all through the round, with honours even. Coming up for the second time Chamberlain shot home a straight left, he appeared to be somewhat nervous, but at the next attempt Ivor drove his opponent head back with a hard left. Ivor drove the right hard on the ribs and wrestled his man down. The third round, each in turn visited the dial, when Chamberlain landed the right on the jaw twice, Chamberlain swung for the point but missed and they clinched. Leaving their seats for the fourth time Thomas made play, landing heavy on the ribs, and Chamberlain went to his knees; on rising Thomas weaved in and had the best of the exchanges. The fifth round, Thomas stronger, forced the pace, but he met some straight jabs from Chamberlain's left, but it was Thomas's round. The sixth meeting Thomas was the fresher of the two and used a useful left several times with effect. Chamberlain seemed uncertain. The seventh go Chamberlain woke up and lightly led on the chest with the left, and they mixed it; on breaking away from holds Chamberlain landed both hands on the Welshman's dial—a busy round. The eighth meeting Ivor tried for the ribs, and it was give and take when twice Chamberlain sent the right home on the point as his rival jumped in. This was Chamberlain's round. Ivor Thomas forced the pace in the ninth round, but Chamberlain met his rushes with right-hand swings on the dial, Thomas trying hard all through. The next meeting Ivor tried a couple of swings for the body and dial. Chamberlain replied with the right, and they mixed it. Ivor, stronger, kept driving in straight lefts that puzzled the Londoner. The eleventh round found Thomas still as strong as at the start, while Chamberlain looked flushed. Each landed on the jaw. Then Thomas visited his opponent's ribs. Chamberlain's blows lacked steam, while Thomas hit strong and freely. The twelfth round both took a hand at leading but nothing resulted, the exchanges being of a light order. Thirteenth go, after several clinches Chamberlain forced the pace, and landed several effective hits and wound up well. The fourteenth meeting both boxed quick and hard, but there was too much clinching—half the time they were in holds; after a break away Chamberlain dropped his man with the right, a neat, clean hit, but Thomas was quickly on his feet. Off for last time, Chamberlain quick on his feet, but Thomas always had a dangerous left, scored and won.

BOXING AT CAMBRIDGE.—LAST Monday night Steve Canty's room at the Crown and Harp was crowded with 'Varsity men and local sportsmen, and some good game boxing was witnessed. A start was made by the brothers Haigh (Lal and Arch), who were down for an exhibition bout of four rounds. As usual they set about each other from the call of time, and banged away as if they enjoyed it. At the end of the fourth round some of the spectators asked for more exhibition bouts, if they were to be of a similar character. Two midgets then took the ring, and displayed much science and skill in the noble art, the youngsters using both hands effectively and slipping each other in fine style for four rounds. The tit-bit of the evening was a twelve rounds contest between S. Lennox and W. Topper, the outcome of an argument some few weeks ago as to who was the best man. Lennox weighs about 11st 9lb, while Topper turns the scale at about 10st 5lb. Topper forced the fight from the start and did some good work. In the fourth round he sent his right on to Lennox's jaw, and but for the call of time would have there and then decided the battle. The rest, however, did Lennox good, and he came up fresh and anxious. It was Topper's fight to the end of the sixth round, but one could see that the difference in weight began to tell its tale, and Lennox seeing his man in difficulties lashed out with both hands. A lucky right which reached Topper's chin finished the fray. Topper was floored, and after vainly trying to recover his feet, rolled over, and was counted out, the verdict then going to Lennox, who was somewhat surprised. The wind-up was a bout of three rounds between Steve Canty and A. Hopper, who wasted no time in sparring, and at the end of a rattling set-to both were loudly applauded. Mr. W. Wallis acted as timekeeper, and Mr. C. Rowell, jun., was referee.

DAVE SULLIVAN VERSUS BILLY WHISTLER.

(Special Report.)

BALTIMORE, MD., MAY 4.—THE twenty-five rounds bout between Billy Whistler, of this city, and Dave Sullivan, of Boston, before the Eureka A.C., last night, was stopped in the seventeenth round by the police, who said the men were hitting and holding in the clinches, and that the exhibition was not a sparring contest. The referee's decision was a draw. Sullivan was a little stronger than his opponent at the finish, but Whistler had done the most landing, and on points had somewhat of the advantage. In the third round Sullivan was knocked to the floor by a swinging right-hander, and was badly dazed. Had Whistler steadied himself he would have landed the little Irishman, but, badly advised by his seconds, he rushed in, swinging wildly, and Dave managed to clinch and hold on until the bell saved him. After this Sully rallied, and for the rest of the way it was give and take, every round being fast and full of fighting from start to finish. At the end of the fourteenth round Sullivan was sick at his stomach, but he came back strong in the fifteenth and finished like a lion. The preliminary bout was between Harry Lyons and Jere Marshall, and was given to Lyons in the fifth round by the referee. Marshall injured his leg in the first round, and was just able to hobble about the ring for the rest of the fight.

TEE-TO-TUM A.C.

ON MONDAY EVENING THE FOLlowing contests took place at the above club. Six Rounds Contest: Bob Mumm (Stamford Hill) beat Tom Garnish (Wood Green).—Garnish was much the stronger of the two, and in the first round floored Mumm, who took the full ten seconds to get up. Upon recovery he showed quite a turn of speed, and in the next two rounds more than held his own. The fourth round was a warm one, and Garnish evened matters, but Mumm was all the time quicker on his feet, and had well won at the finish. Jim Kendrick (Hackney) beat Jack Maloney (Westminster).—Kendrick opened the proceedings with a fast body blow, and then Maloney getting to work, scored time after time, especially with his left, but his condition told against him, and he was unable to maintain a lead for the first two rounds. In the third Kendrick put it all over the veteran, and he very wisely gave in after two minutes. Bill Percy (Homerton) beat H. Newman (Holloway).—Apparently both were soldiers, but neither showed much knowledge of the art, and in the first round boxed like novices, although using 4 oz. gloves, the contest being more of a running match than a boxing bout. In the second, Percy, much the stronger, did all the leading, but Newman dodged beautifully, and in a degree gave the attendance an idea of one of "Pedlar" Palmer's exhibitions. In the third round Percy cut out all the work, and getting home in quick order, Newman gave in, being unable to stand the pace, which had been fast enough to please all. Percy Coleman (Hornsey) beat Len Soden (Tottenham).—Soden had the advantage in height and reach, but Coleman, the stronger, plied the left from the start, and at the end of the first round had a good lead. In the second, however, Soden walked right around him, and had all the better of the exchanges. Fast sparring ensued in the third all in favour of Coleman, who won easily before the fourth round finished. An exhibition spar between Bill Atchison (Tottenham) and Dick Parkes (Tottenham) brought a good evening to a close.

BENEFIT TO JUMPER HOWE.—ON Monday evening next Mr. James Lowes has generously accorded the use of the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, for the purpose of a benefit to Jumper Howe. In all sporting circles all over the kingdom the name of Jumper is familiar, and his friends are legion. The beneficiaire has got together a host of talent for the affair, and amongst those who have promised to be certain exhibitors are Dick Burge and Will Curley. So far the tickets for the benefit are going off extremely well, and the prospects of "Good Old Jumper" having a bumper are of the brightest description.

BOXERS WANTED.—ALF WRIGHT, of Plymouth, who is now training at "Jolly Jumbo's," the Black Horse, Sudbury, for his match with Jack Milburn, of Gateshead, under the care of Bill Whatley, which takes place on Monday, May 28, will, after this contest, win or lose, go on the road with his boxing booth, when he will require two leds between 9st and 10st. Send address to THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

TOM HERRICK'S ASSAULT-AT-Arms at Manley's Circus, Battersea. Next Monday (May 21) Tom Herrick will give an assault-at-arms at the above circus, when the old trainer will be assisted by the elite of the boxing profession.

OSCAR GARDNER KNOCKS OUT PATSEY HALEY.

(Special Report.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO, MAY 1.—PATSEY Haley was an easy victim for Oscar Gardner last night at the Cincinnati A.C., lasting only five rounds of what was to have been a fifteen rounds bout for the bantam-weight championship of America.

In the first round Gardner knocked Haley down, but he got up quickly. In the second round there was a great deal of clinching, and several hard hits were exchanged.

Haley was knocked down twice in this round, but got up before the referee counted three.

In the third round Haley got in a hard blow on Gardner's face. In the fourth Haley went down under Gardner's blows four times, and once the referee counted nine before he got up, and the gong saved him.

In the fifth round Haley was knocked down repeatedly, and in the sixth was counted out. Haley was clearly outclassed.

EXCITING GLOVE CONTEST AT Glasgow.—Since the decision by the Bailies in the Dobbs v. MacDonald contest, the bobbies of Glasgow have neglected more important duties in order to prevent boxing of the most innocent and harmless description. So active and energetic have been the exertions on the part of the myrmidons of the law to smell out and suppress boxing that it should be quite a feather in the cap of those who engineered the boxing show between Frank Boyle, of Glasgow, and "Spike" Robson, of South Shields. As we know, in London town, once upon a time, when the police were unfriendly to boxing, it was a difficult thing to gather 250 spectators together and find a hall to accommodate them. Boxing spectators are very enthusiastic, and in their excitement they shout, stamp, and behave in such a manner as to give the game away. A somewhat popular suite of club premises were, however, on Wednesday last the scene of two boxing contests, and for science, hardihood, and pluck could not very well be surpassed. There was an attendance of quite 250 persons, the company being quiet and orderly. Spike Robson, of South Shields, and Frank Boyle, of Glasgow, both were of a weight, and scaled close upon 9st. A well-known local man was referee, and shortly after ten o'clock the men entered the ring. Robson was the lighter of the pair, and sported white cut-away pants, while Boyle, looking ruddier, wore dark trunks. Round 1. Robson played warily about his man, with the right hand well up over his chest. Boyle was slow to move, but after cautious sparring opened on a miss. A counter by Robson left its sting, and matters warmed up a bit. The Shields man made the pace for a time, and he swung his right to great purpose, and had it reached the point an end would have been quickly put to the contest. Point hits, however, did not come off, and the end of the first round was reached with both pretty equal on points. Round 2. Robson had apparently orders to rush matters, which he tried to, but Boyle did not agree to giving the other the lead, and he countered to good purpose. Heavy swinging hits and misses were the order of the day, and punishment of a heavy order were given and received by each. Round 3. Robson, intent upon the knock-out, was cautious, and, awaiting an opening, he dashed in full double-handed body hits, to which hearty response was made, and the round finished in favour of the Englishman. Round 4. Both were very cautious for a time, and light fibbing wore into heavy cross-countering, and clinches ensued. Boyle was sent to the floor, but coolly and deliberately lay out his time, while Robson stood over him. Round 5. The pair went at their work without an instant's delay, and the attack was determined, so much so as to make it no rash assertion when we say nothing so fast has been seen in fistic circles here for many a day. But the pace was telling upon Robson, and he was nearly "outed." In the early part of the round he faced his man, however, square to the ropes, and so saved the taking of too many liberties. Boyle was knocked off his feet, clinching was frequent, and appeals to the referee were frequently made by the partisans of each. Round 7. Boyle was waking up, and the other was giving way, but the pluck of each was heartily applauded. Robson boxed admirably, but he had no rest from the visitations of his opponent, who rained his blows right and left, and followed up every slight advantage. Both were weakening perceptibly when "Time!" was called. Round 8 was called, but while Boyle advanced to the centre of the ring, Robson remained on his chair. He then rose, but was met right and left, and returned to his seat exhausted. The referee then declared Boyle the winner.

AT CHICAGO LAST WEEK JOE Choynski was knocked out by Tom Sharkey in the second round in a six rounds contest at catch-weights. Sharkey had the better of the fighting throughout.

BOB FITZSIMMONS
KNOCKS OUT
ED. DUNKHORST.
(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1900.—Robert Fitzsimmons, former champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, took on an easy mark for practice last night in the person of Ed. Dunkhorst, of Syracuse, who was knocked out in the second round at the Hercules A.C. in Williamsburg. From the start Dunkhorst was a cinch for Fitzsimmons, who hit him when and where he pleased and finally dropped him cold to the boards with a fearful left-hand hook high up on the jawbone. Prior to this Fitz had punched Dunkhorst's paunch until the big man was gasping for breath, and was almost ready to drop from exhaustion when the finishing smash was landed.

Fitzsimmons was in prime shape, fast and clever, and best of all he hit with all of his old-time vigour. Dunkhorst's knock-out was clean-cut and hard. If he had been able to regain his feet after the first fall he might have been seriously injured. While the fight was, of course, one-sided, it permitted a crowded house to see what a great hitter Fitzsimmons is and has been during his noted ring career. Dunkhorst has been training with Jem Jeffries at Allenhurst, and possibly got a few tips from the champion, but he can return to Jeffries to-day with the information that tips are of no account if the other fellow can fight faster, hit harder, and show superior generalship, as the Cornishman demonstrated last night.

Nobody expected anything except a severe drubbing for big Dunkhorst, sometimes called the "human freight car," who has been a trial horse and a punching bag for nearly all of the noted heavy-weights. But as the Syracuse man has never been actually put to sleep, it was natural that the crowd was anxious to see what "Lanky Bob" could do with him. As the ex-champion is training for his coming fight with Gus Ruhlin the battle was considered by him a warming-up gallop, particularly as Ruhlin chopped the "Freight Car" literally into ribbons at the Broadway A.C. last winter. Dunkhorst is the biggest, fattest, and heaviest fighter in the business. For his bulk he has shown considerable agility and also plenty of punching power. His jaws are so well protected with flesh that it has been a difficult matter to touch the proper button for a knock-out. But his stomach, it was figured out, would be the principal target for Fitz's blows, and for that reason it was believed that he would not last long. Fitzsimmons arrived at the club-house at nine o'clock, accompanied by his wife. The latter was escorted to a room in the building, where she said she would wait for her husband.

"I do not care to see the fight," she said, "for I know Bob will win sure."

Fitz got a rousing reception outside the club-house, but he did not tarry. He hurried to his dressing room to put on his togs. The crowd was coming in rapidly at this time. In the line which passed the ticket-takers was Tom Sharkey, the big sailor pugilist, who had a seat at one corner of the ring, from which he could see all of Fitz's movements.

"I want to get a line on Fitz," said Thomas, with a grin. "For me, I have improved some since I ran up against him in Frisco."

Gus Ruhlin sat in the same box with Sharkey. William Madden, Ruhlin's manager and mentor, was also there, and they were kept busy shaking hands. It was so hot in the low-roofed arena that many took off their coats and sat in their shirt sleeves, but still they perspired until their collars wilted. While the preliminary fighters were getting ready, Fitz was asked what he thought of Dunkhorst.

"All I will say," was the former champion's reply, "is that I will go into the ring prepared to end the fight as quickly as possible."

Fitz seemed a bit irritable and nervous, and to all other queries he turned a deaf ear.

There were 3,500 spectators present when the second affair ended and all of them were hungry for the event of the night. It was announced that Fitz would be handled by Ernest Roeber, the wrestler; Jeff Thorne, the English middle-weight; and Dan Hickey. Dunkhorst's seconds were Tommy Ryan, who wants to fight "Kid" McCoy; Jack Jeffries, the champion's husky brother; and Dan Johnson. Dunkhorst appeared first. As he got through the ropes there was no applause, but a moment later as Fitz showed up there was a burst of cheering. Dunkhorst came in with a bathrobe on, but Fitz was stripped to the buff. He wore a white knitted breech clout and an American flag round his waist. Fitz weighed about 170lb, and looked to be in splendid condition. Dunkhorst had on blue trunks that reached halfway down his thighs. He weighed at least 226lb. The betting was 4 to 1 on Fitz to win, and even money that the bout would not last ten rounds. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at catch-weights, Marquis of Queensberry rules, with a clean break. Charley White was referee. The men shook hands at 10.20 o'clock.

Round 1. Dunkhorst was several inches taller as they stood up. The big fellow crouched down in Jeffries's style and sparred a moment. Fitz came quickly with a hard left hook to the ear, and as he feinted swiftly Dunkhorst's awkwardness made the crowd laugh. Fitz put a heavy right to the ribs and jabbed his left into the face without a return. A hard right on the ear made Dunkhorst stagger, and a left on the jaw caused the big man to beat a somewhat hasty retreat. As Fitz followed closely, Dunkhorst was compelled to mix it, which was the case when the bell rang.

Round 2. Fitz had not warmed up yet and was grinning when he toed the mark. Dunkhorst, still crouching, led with a left on the nose. Fitz jabbed him on the eye and ducked under a terrific right-hand swing. Fitz went in close after that and tried an upper-cut that missed the point of the chin by an inch. He poured in body blows then and also drove the right over to the jaw. More body punches made the elephantine pugilist reel and clinch. As they broke away Fitz mixed it, and finding an opening he shot in a tremendous left hook to the jaw. The blow was of such overwhelming power that it keeled Dunkhorst over like a log. He fell flat upon his face and wriggled about on the floor like a huge jellyfish. His motions were convulsive, and as the referee counted off the seconds it was seen that it was all over. Fitz with a broad grin upon his face circled around the prostrate "Freight Car" until he had been officially counted out, and declared a loser. Then the Cornishman and others tugged at the big Syracusan, who had become motionless. With a superhuman effort all hands lifted Dunkhorst to his feet and lugged him to a chair. There the mastodon put his hand to his right jaw and groaned. Fitz left the ring laughing, and was congratulated for accomplishing something in jig time that no other pugilist had ever done before. The time of the round was 2min 45sec.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—Mr. Lowes cannot but be eminently gratified with the success which attended his novices' competition, co[illegible]nced a week last Saturday and concluded on Saturday evening last. There was a crowded and most enthusiastic congregation of spectators, whose interest in the business continued from the commencement of it to the conclusion. A start was well made with a three rounds spar between T. Howe, of Gateshead, and A. Carr, of Newcastle, who interested much. The first named is a son of that once famous pugilist, "Jumper" Howe, and he showed plenty of his parental grit and gameness. G. Pringle, of Newcastle, and J. Bell, of Gateshead, merrily made them go for a trio of meetings as did T. Stevenson and J. Watts, the last named a son of Charley Watts, the well-known seconder. The skill of J. Nelson and G. Bell is so well known that it is unnecessary to say that they thoroughly delighted. These meetings constituted the exhibition portion of the business, which had been of a thoroughly enjoyable character up to this time. If this initial business had been of a great character, that which followed could hardly be excelled. The semi-final heats of the 8st 4lb Novices' Competition were the succeeding items, and the first pair to get inside the ropes were George Atkinson, of Gateshead, and T. Murphy, of Walker. The last named was the sturdier of the pair, but both went at work in hurricane fashion. Atkinson, however, had slightly the best of matters, and gained the flat after so severe a struggle that it was apparent they were not at all sorry when time was called. Both, however, showed the greatest gameness. In the second heat G. Proud, of Gateshead, had an easy task against a much lighter opponent in R. Wood, of Newcastle, who was beaten in the first round. Previous to the finish "Dido" Vardy and Jack Tait had three rounds, and from the style in which they went to work one would have thought a kingdom depended on the result. So severe a task had Atkinson in his previous bout, there was no surprise that he should be weak, and so it proved, for, fresh as anything, Proud soon gave him his quietus, but the loser proved himself a gallant opponent. The prizes, a gold watch and gold medal, were then presented by Mr. Lowes. The seconds throughout were Charley Watts and Spider Carr, the referee Sam Francis, and timekeeper Martin Nealis. For Saturday next, T. Elliott, of West Stanley, and J. Lloyd, of South Shields, are matched.

THE REFEREE OF THE RECENT boxing match at Wonderland writes:—In a daily sport it says that Keyser ought to have been disqualified for hitting low. It was a fight, not a boxing bout, and in a rally King was hit on the mark. For a few seconds both stood still, King looking at the referee. When the effects of the blow had passed off both resumed fighting. Neither King nor his seconds claimed a foul, but it would not have been allowed had they done so. The daily sport also states that Keyser won, but the majority thought King deserved the verdict. It was a just decision that I gave, as I could not part them even after the extra round.

JIMMIE CLAPHAM, LATE OF London, is open to box any lad in Wales at 8st. First-come first served.

THE GLENGALL GYMNASIUM.
THE FINAL OF THE 7ST 4LB COM-

petition.—Some time since this competition was adjourned *sine die*, and just as the competitors were wondering when they should meet in the final, an announcement was made that Thursday night, at the Glengall Gymnasium, would witness the sequel to the above competition. The lads who were left in to do battle for the trophy were Jem Exall, of Bermondsey, and Frank Morecombe, of St. James's. These lads have met before with a varied amount of success; but on Thursday evening Morecombe appeared to have gone off, while Jem Exall had decidedly improved both in physique and style. The three brothers Exall were present on this evening, and each made a very satisfactory show. These three brothers—Charley, Jem, and Frank—belong to the light-weight order of bantams, and though they have all been successful in taking prizes—Charley, who challenges England at 7st 4lb, more particularly so—they have never received a boxing lesson. That they are far from perfect in the noble art is evidenced in the fact that they know very little of the tricks of the trade, they shining in their ability in taking and receiving hard punches rather than in science. Details:—Three Rounds Exhibition: Bill Male v. Sam Wellings.—Two light, airy, but not particularly fiery young gentlemen, who got through their business in friendly fashion at the outset, but improved as time wore on. Three Rounds Exhibition: Charley Exall v. Harry Churchill.—The renowned Charley Exall, who is particularly anxious to box anyone in England at 7st 4lb, made affairs extremely interesting, and Churchill proved useful. 7st 8lb belt.—Final (eight rounds): Jem Exall (Bermondsey) beat Frank Morecombe (St. James's).—Round 1. Both lads have distinguished themselves upon many occasions, East, West, and South of London, as well as the provinces. Seconds for Exall, brother Charley and Dan Herring; for Morecombe, "Wag" Ashley and Jem Fox. Morecombe taller and with a longer reach. He led off and set Exall going. Latter then forced the exchanges and they frequently clinched. At out-fighting there was little to choose and in the last half minute they hit hard and often. Round 2. Both active, Morecombe commenced digging away with the left hand, and Exall ordered to get close. Last-named started at a good rate when a few liberties had been taken. There was a good deal of clinching and sharp rallies to neither man's advantage. Round 3. Again Morecombe's reach availed him. Exall quickly alive to every opportunity, made the most of an opening. There was not an idle moment and less clinching than previously, loud applause following the call of "Time!" Round 4. Exall ordered to force the fighting, and he did as he was bid by brother Charley. Morecombe's long left continued to effect the desired execution, and warming to their task, Exall frequently slinging the right, but scarcely in the proper place. Sharp engagement to the end of the bout. Round 5. Exall tried the lead, but it fell short upon Morecombe's gloves. He made amends, and Morecombe was compelled to be very lively. This caused satisfactory results, and to the end they fought at a good pace, merit hanging in the balance. Round 6. Brisk exchanges immediately they were slipped. Exall took the initiative, and banged in the left twice ere Morecombe countered. At this juncture they started with right and left all over the ring, first one and then the other taking a lead, but not a very decisive one, though once or twice each man looked like paying the penalty. Round 7. The lads looked a little distressed, but went vigorously to work. Quick and clever were their movements, the left hand doing quite as much service as the right. Exall boxing mostly for the face, and Morecombe the body. Round 8 and last. Much of what had gone before was witnessed in the final round. With alacrity they toed the scratch. Exall short, and in a few seconds remedied the mistake. One, two, three with the left came from him before Morecombe could score. Then the latter busied himself, and Exall, equal to the occasion, did ditto. From first to last it was a splendid contest, and the end of it all was a verdict for Exall. Three Rounds Exhibition: Jack Calder (Essex) v. Jem Quinn (Mile End).—Clean, clever hitting in every bout. Three Rounds Exhibition: Jem Wallace (Deptford) v. Ted Knight (Westminster).—No light sparring in any round, and many good punches. Six Rounds Contest: Frank Exall (Bermondsey) beat Harry Slough (Southwark).—Soon after starting Exall upset his opponent with a heavy blow on the mark, and subsequently knocked him all over the ring until the end of the second round, when Slough cried enough, and Exall was declared the winner.

C. GOODE WRITES TO SAY IN answer to P. Simmonds' challenge, he will be only too pleased to box him on these conditions only—to box the best of fifteen or twenty rounds 8st 10lb and side stake for no less than £25 a-side up to as much as he likes. If he will leave a deposit at THE MIRROR OF LIFE Office he (C. Goode) will cover it at once. An early answer will oblige.

EDDIE SANTRY
KNOCKED OUT BY
OSCAR GARDNER.
(Special Report.)

LOUISVILLE, KY., MAY 4.—EDDIE Santry, of Chicago, was knocked out by Oscar Gardner before the Nonpareil Athletic Club last night in the presence of a crowd that packed Music Hall. Sporting men from all parts of the country, who are here in attendance at the races, saw the bout. George Siler was the referee. The fight was a fast one and Santry was a hot favourite at 5 to 4. Santry's seconds were Art Simms and "Freckles" O'Brien, and Gardner's were Mickey Norton, of Cincinnati; Barney Smith, and Winnie Winters. Tom Hanlon was club timekeeper. The men stepped into the ring at 124lb for a twenty rounds bout. The first round was decidedly Santry's. Both men mixed it up at a lively rate and it was give and take till the gong sounded, the Chicago lad clearly outpointing Oscar. In the second the mixing was kept up and Santry again had the better, getting in some vicious face blows, which, however, appeared short of steam. In the third Gardner missed being put out by the narrowest of margins. Eddie went after him hammer and tongs with straight jabs on the face. A few seconds before the gong sounded he landed one over Gardner's right eye and for a second Oscar was very groggy. At close quarters, just as the gong sounded, Gardner was pushed through the ropes. In the fourth Gardner opened on Eddie's body and some awful blows he delivered began to tell on the Chicago boy. Santry side-stepped away from many a dangerous jab and his work was loudly cheered. This, however, was Gardner's round. In the fifth round Gardner took on additional steam and from the tap of the gong he kept at Santry, using both hands on the latter's body. When the round was about half over they came together and Gardner's right shot with full force into Santry's stomach. Santry's hands went up and he fell in a heap upon the floor. He was carried to his corner and it was several minutes before he had revived sufficiently to be taken from the ring. Santry was unscratched. He said it was a chance knockout, and that, when it landed, he felt that he had the fight well in hand.

EASTLEIGH V. CROYDON.—THIRD Round for the Croydon Challenge Cup.—Pennell's splendid work.—It will be remembered that the first round for this trophy fell to the hands of the Eastleigh candidate and the second to Croydon, thus a good attendance attended the former club on Monday last to witness the final round, which was expected to be a close contest. The two members elected to take part in same were Pennell (of Eastleigh), who holds his club's record, and Lirsch, who is supposed to be Croydon's best, so all expected a good and hard-fought match. Lirsch turned up a little late, and the audience began to get impatient. The match was at once set in progress upon his arrival, Pennell making straight away for the knock-out blow and flooring Lirsch twice in the first round, amid cheers and loud applause. Then came the second round, in which he still continued to force matters, and again flooring Lirsch who was absolutely powerless. Keeping up his splendid tricky and well-planned work Pennell in the third round knocked Lirsch, out with a terrific blow on the jaw, quickly followed by one in the chest. Lirsch refused to rise, so the match was awarded to Pennell amid much excitement. Lirsch immediately upon rising claimed a false fight, but the judges disputed same and awarded the match as above stated, which was fully justified. Eastleigh, however, have asked me to state that should Croydon feel dissatisfied with the result their candidate will be most willing to refight the match with the same competitor on May 14, or any other date which may be agreed upon, as they wish to receive the honour they have undoubtedly earned in a fair manner without any discrepancy. On Wednesday evening another good contest was fought at the Eastleigh Club between Lawfield, of the Eastleigh Club, and Mannings, of Enfield, and although a victory was expected for Mannings the result was entirely reversed. Mannings opened the running by landing Lawfield one on the jaw, but Lawfield quickly responded, and after a few exchanges laid Mannings at full length on the ground, but he resumed and opened with some good work, which Lawfield defended in grand style. In the second round Lawfield had the best of matters, and gave Mannings a good dressing and continued his rushing work throughout the next round, when Mannings began to gain advantage, which he held till the fifth round was opened, when Lawfield again took the advantage, and after some tricky work put Mannings out in grand style. Thus Lawfield emerged victor after a good and creditable contest. A good gymnasium display will be given at the Eastleigh Club on Wednesday next between Groves and Pennell, after which a glove contest will be given between Pennell and Daish, of Wandsworth.

(*Continued on page* 14.)

A RURAL STORY TOLD IN RHYME

1.—For her village lovers she did not care;
Beside the town bred youth they didn't compare.

2.—She admired his style as he walked on the green,
And thought him the smartest of youths she had seen.

3.—He met a surprise when she sat on the floor,
And told him her love; she'd rejected a score.

4.—She learns in dismay he's engaged to be wed,
So with passion she tore the hair from her head.

5.—And bribing clodhoppers with a hundred in gold,
To slay her fair rival, and leave her stone cold.

6.—So to the other girl's home he followed the swell,
With murder intent, but it all passed off well.

7.—Instead of committing so dreadful a crime,
He took two bags of gold and skipped doing time.

8.—She travelled to London in village-made clothes,
To her surprise and vexation they turned up their nose.

9.—An offer of marriage came to her by letter,
And as things had turned out she couldn't do better

10.—Than accept an old lover with a very bald head,
Which is always the case when the village belle's wed.

H.M.S. RUPERT.

A Group of Athletes who are Now with their Ship in the Mediterranean.

THE TORONTO EXPRESS SAVED FROM DISASTER.

A Man Signals the Train with his Burning Shirt to Avoid a Calamity.

A SWISS GUIDE'S AWFUL DEATH.

Stumbled Over the Rocks, and Dashed to Pieces.

(Continued from Page 11.)

JOE WALCOTT DEFEATS "MYSTERIOUS" BILLY SMITH.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1900.—JOE Walcott, the indiarubber wonder, was declared the victor in his fight with "Mysterious" Billy Smith last night after twenty-five rounds of savage fighting at the Broadway A.C. With all the hard blows struck and the blood shed there was not a single knock down. Smith took a great beating and was fighting strong at the end, but the advantage all the way through, except for a moment now and then, was with the negro. The police did not interfere, so it may be considered that these glove sociables will go on without interruption until next September, when the Lewis bill goes into effect. In the first round no time was wasted; the men went right at it. Both led and landed on belly. Walcott sent two to kidneys that were stopped. Smith put two good ones to belly. They clinched. Smith landed on the jaw. Both put it to the belly with rights and left. Walcott missed a swing. It was Smith's round. Walcott rushed in the second, but no damage was done. Then Smith swung viciously, but missed. Walcott put three to wind and Smith landed two; then there were five or six clinches, with no damage, which used up time of the round. Each waited to be shoved away, and Referee Charley White had to separate them. The third was red hot, but no damage was done, although toward the end Smith landed a vicious swing on the head. The men blocked cleverly. Each made desperate swings, which were stopped neatly. Walcott kept on top of his man all through the round. Walcott started the fourth with a left on Smith's neck. He then made a vicious swing that went around Smith's neck. Smith met a rush with a left. Then there were several clinches, and Walcott landed a hard right on the shoulder and laughed at Smith. Smith put in a good one right afterward on the ear. As the bell rang each landed on the body. The fifth round was Smith's. There were half a dozen clinches toward the end. Smith put two vicious right swings on Walcott's ear. Had they landed right the fight would have ended. The sixth was a vicious round. Walcott was the aggressor and sent in half a dozen good ones, but Smith put in some awful right swings that galled Walcott, who kept coming. It was Smith's round. The seventh was like the sixth. Walcott landed the only telling blows and drew blood, splitting Smith's eye. Smith was weak and worried. The next round was Walcott's. He kept jabbing Smith's nose and got away from the vicious right counters that Smith swung for his jaw. The ninth was anybody's round. Smith landed a clean blow on Walcott's wind. Walcott failed to land owing to Smith's clever blocking. It was learned in the tenth round that a rib in Smith's right side had been broken in the fourth round. This accounted for his poor showing. He was tired and fought on the defensive. In the eleventh Smith used his left to advantage, putting it several times on Walcott's jaw, and once he brought his right over. Walcott jabbed him in the nose and swung his left for the ribs. Smith came to life in the twelfth, and used both right and left and the crowd went wild. Walcott got in a few body blows and ran into several counters. Walcott laughed, but it was a forced laugh. He seemed a little worried and blown. Despite his hurt rib Smith was fighting viciously. The thirteenth was a fast one.—Walcott ran into one right counter that jarred him. Both men were tired. Smith got a little the worst of the round. Smith began to act on the defensive in this round. Walcott kept leading, getting in one now and then. Just as bell sounded Smith put a right on the jaw. Smith in the fifteenth received a number of body blows and jabs, but got in a good left and right on Walcott's jaw. It was a succession of clinches. The sixteenth was dull, but the seventeenth was Smith's, who landed two of the best blows of the fight—a right swing that raised a bump and a left on the jaw. At the end of the seventeenth cocaine was injected over Smith's broken rib for the second or third time and which explained his revival. The eighteenth was a rough bout, and Smith got a little the best of the blows exchanged. At the end of the nineteenth Smith's back was again doctored and a surgical plaster put about his ribs. Smith, in the twentieth, after getting hit a few dozen times, chased Walcott all around the ring and landed on his neck. It was Walcott's round. The twenty-first round was Walcott's, who seemed to have dazed Smith in a mix-up with rights and lefts on the head. Smith landed a few. The next round was the fastest of the fight. The men fought like demons, each landing what ordinarily would be knock-outs. Smith met Walcott's rushes with rights and lefts, landing three blows for one. He put in some awful punches, and the crowd rose as one man and yelled its approval. Smith seemed stronger and Walcott weaker. The twenty-third was Walcott's, Smith receiving an awful punishment. He got a number on the jaw, and at one time seemed to be going. His ear was split. Walcott ran into jabs that tired him and hurt him. In the next round Walcott started Smith's ear to bleeding again, so that Smith looked like he was being slaughtered. He was bleeding also from the nose when the round ended. In this round Walcott's nose began to bleed, and the two men were covered with blood literally from crown to toe. At the end Referee White gave the fight to Walcott.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND, SATURDAY.—When a boxer loses a fight after a close set-to, he generally says that he was robbed of a victory. On many occasions we have heard this stated, and when a certain 10st boxer, who is undoubtedly one of the best in England, loses the verdict, his friends remark that without a doubt he ought to have received the decision. Then what shall be said of this pugilist when, before the decision is given, he with a number of friends try to intimidate the referee into returning his relative the winner? This happened last Saturday evening at Wonderland, when, after a good night's boxing, the final item of the entertainment was put on the stage. Tom King and Nat Keyser contested a battle of six rounds duration. These boxers have met more than a few times with different results, and they have fought such close bouts that more than once the decision has been a draw. On this evening each had his partisans present, and before the fifth round had ended there were more than thirty threatening our representative (who acted as referee) if he did not give the decision to King, with about the same number saying what they would do if Keyser did not win. Many times have we been in greater danger, and threats will not influence us into giving the verdict to one who does not win. One gentleman after the decision said he would kill the referee the next (Sunday) evening, and the reporters of the *Sportsman* and the *Sporting Life* laughingly promised to attend the inquest (when it took place). Brief details: Officials—Referee, THE MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Old Joe Farrell; with Ben Harris an efficient M.C. Eight Rounds Contest: "Nutty" Williams beat Bill Sadler.—A very hard-hitting bout, both of these bantams showing to advantage, and after a scientific display the award went to Williams. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Quinn beat Fred Stout.—The last named is greatly handicapped by only having one eye, and his opponent had all the best of the last three rounds, and won easily. Six Rounds Contest: "Ponk" Andrews beat Arthur Moore.—Andrews was a lot the heavier, and, warming to his work after the first round, ended matters in the third. Six Rounds Contest: Harry Giles beat Joe Cole.—Cole, it was soon seen, had no earthly chance, and went to sleep in the third round. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Schofield beat "Ginger" Elliot.—A very slow bout, the boys whistling "Dear old pals," but after being told it was not an exhibition they livened up, and a good bout resulted in a verdict for Schofield. Six Rounds Contest: Joe Boston beat Fred Ghekes.—The first named was the stronger, and scoring fast in the last two rounds won easily. Special Three Rounds Display: "Jewey" Cooke and Tom Ireland.—A spirited exhibition of the noble art, both showing how to hit, stop, and get away, round after round of applause greeting them at the end. Six Rounds Contest: Tom King and Nat Keyser.—A level, hard-hitting bout throughout, and after an extra round the decision was a draw. Next Saturday a special entertainment consisting of ten contests will take place under the direction of Joe Smith. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Boxers that are engaged are requested to attend at 7, and if not present others will take their places.

WONDERLAND. — ASSAULT - AT - Arms.—Another of Joe Smith's stupendous nights, next Saturday, May 19.—Ten Great Contests.—Ten rounds contests between Fred Johnson and Charley Smith, Mike Casey and Bill Johnson, Nat Keyser and Lew Smith, Joe Cole and Joe Boston, Jem Sweeney and Alf Leeper, Jack Calder and Jack Daley, Tom Smith and "Dummy" Forest, Ted Goodson and Johnny Thomas, Joe Barrett and Albert Hollings.

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"BAT" MULLINS'S BEN.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE VET.'S CAREER.

NO MORE CAPABLE PUGILIST OR boxer than little "Bat" Mullins ever breathed. "Bat," as a boy, took to boxing as ducks take to water; but the efforts of Mullins came at "the decline and fall of pugilistica." As a boy of fourteen, nearly forty years ago, little "Bat" ducked his nut under the ropes which used to encompass the ropes of the ring on the first floor of the Mitre in St. Martin's Lane. Ould Nat (Langham) did not care to see boys boxing in his rooms; but "Bat" was such an exceptionally good and quiet kid, saying his morning and evening prayers that he might not kill or be killed in fistic fray, that Nat let little Bartholomew "set-to" with some kid in point of size with himself from the Lane (Drury) or the Market (Covent Garden) close by. Thus "Bat" at very early age had an opportunity of viewing the celebrities of the prize-ring who used to congregate in the hallowed precincts of Nat Langham's snug retreat at the top of the "Lane" (St. Martin's). Ben Caunt, about this time, had just paid in his chicks at the house opposite (The Coach and Horses), and though it was for some time carried on by old Ben's son, Nat Langham, when "Bat" Mullins first saw the inside of a sparring-room, was the pugilistic monarch of the West. About this time purses were given by the various sporting houses, Billy Shaw, the son of old Jemmy Shaw, having a pub. in Windmill Court, Windmill Street, Haymarket, sharing with ould Nat Langham the patronage of the swells who contributed the money for the purse fight. "Bat's" first contest was brought about thuswise. The youngster was making a fine show one night with an opponent when Ould Nat called the pair on one side and asked them if they would like to fight for a purse down the river. The pair were nothing loth, and "Bat" scored his maiden victory with the raw 'uns, meeting in his career such men as Arthur Chambers, Bos Furze, Tim Haggerty, Denny, Nunan, and W. Hitchin. After winning several other pugilistic encounters "Bat" at boxing won several silver cups, six in 1871, and four in 1872, open to all comers. At the Veterans' Competition in 1889, for men over forty, which we inaugurated, "Bat" nearly scored a double event, winning the Veteran Competition; and to this day "Bat" avows that he beat Ted White for the professional middle-weight competition, held the same week as the above at the Agricultural Hall. But when he had his show in Regent Street he had a fine aristocratic clientele. Among others, he taught the late Marquis of Queensberry and the Earl of Wiltshire, afterwards the unfortunate Marquis of Winchester, killed at Magersfontein. For years "Ba" took his annual benefit at St. Andrew's Hall, Oxford Street. The place where Mullins took his recent benefit would not at one time hold his aristocratic pupils, much more his public followers; but Bob Habbijam's school-of-arms on Tuesday evening last was almost too big to contain the briefholders, deadheads as usual crowding in as they usually do on these occasions to see a free show. Briefly put, the contests resulted as follows: In an eight rounds contest Bill Whitelaw defeated Jack Hennessey, after a good set-to. Several interesting exhibition spars were given, the chief being between Mike Moran and Bill Ray, George Baxter and Dave Barry, the Brothers Johnson, and Frank Morecambe and Tom King.

CONTESTS AT THE GLENGALL Gymnasium.—Last Monday evening Ted Hollier arranged a boxing entertainment. Owing, however, to several unfortunate disappointments the programme was considerably curtailed. Four Rounds Trial: "Pongo" Davenport (Borough) v. C. Milom (Southwark). The first named, although the shorter lad, was always the aggressor, and showing most judgment, he decidedly had the better of the points. 9st Competition.—First Series: Tom Harman (Walworth) beat Tom Huddleston (Walworth).—With the advantage of height and weight the first named forced the work, and despite the plucky defence of his opponent he was returned a good winner. "Punch" Fenton (Rotherhithe) beat Tom Passfield (Peckham).—A slogging bout throughout. Fenton shone best at this game, and fairly tired his man out towards the finish. Harry Huddleston (Walworth) a bye, which he sparred with Harry Bush (Camberwell). Sid Ryan (Peckham) also sparred a bye with George Wilson (Birmingham). Harry Williams (Hatcham) and Alf Spokes, of the same district, had three good exhibition rounds, and the wind-up was supplied by Frank Scott, of Peckham, and Alf Rosser, of Southwark, with three scientific rounds. The finals of the 9st competition will be decided, with other contests, on Saturday evening next.

JACK STEWART, OF GRIMSBY, would like to remind Murphy that he is prepared to box him or Dominie, of Leeds, or Billy Gill, of Sheffield, or Charley Tuplin, of Grimsby, the best of twenty rounds, three minutes a round, with 4oz gloves, for £5 or £10 a-side, and best purse offered. An early answer from either will lead to business. First come first served

STALYBRIDGE GYMNASTIC CLUB.—There was a good attendance at the above hall last Monday evening, when Mr. Jack Haggerty furnished an ample programme, which produced some capital sport. The principal contest was that between Pat Gibbons, of Miles Platting, and W. Leith, of Salford, who were matched to box fifteen rounds for £35, which included a £15 purse given by the club. In comparison with the other two events this was rather disappointing, as Leith retired in the second round with a stitch in his side. An eight rounds contest, in which the contestants were G. Powner, of Newton Heath, and J. J. Hines, of Manchester, proved very interesting, and resulted in a draw. The promoter, amid much cheering, said he was so well pleased with the contest that he determined to give each lad a prize of equal value. A further event, extending over ten rounds, was that between W. Owen, of Openshaw, and J. Bowker, of Salford. Both lads fought obdurately, and after boxing the whole of the rounds, Bowker was adjudged the winner, after a very close finish. The victor is one of the popular Jem Wright's most promising pupils. Mr. Tom Gamble officiated as referee.

AFTER DARK IN THE GREAT CITY OF LONDON.

Robbed by a Female and Her Companions.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WALLS have ears, but if the dark corners of London could speak, what tales could be told. The many mysterious doings after dark by the light-fingered gentry would fill several volumes inches thick, that are to to this day unknown. In some cases the person robbed does not dare or care to disclose his position or name, under the circumstances connected with his loss of property. Frequently led by a female to some solitary spot, he falls an easy prey to the vultures of the night, her male companions, and his loss of valuables is nothing compared to the loss of character he would sustain if the position under which he was robbed was made public.

A STEPMOTHER'S WICKED CRIME.

She Beat, Starved, and Otherwise Ill-treated a Little Child of Mine.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A WOMAN named Hannah Pringle is in the clutches of the law for her inhuman misdeeds. Her little stepson, upon whom she practised most atrocious barbarities, was found covered with burns and bruises, in consequence of her ill-treatment. The little fellow, aged nine years, was sometimes tied with cords and pushed on to the hot stove, after which this inhuman woman would beat the child with a thick cane, covering his body with ugly cuts and wheals. The neighbours, who heard the screams, gave evidence against her, and she is at present justly suffering for her wickedness.

A BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN A GOAT AND A RAM.

The Ram Proved too Good for the Goat.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DOG fighting, cock fighting, and bare knuckles are now things of the past, and are not included in the category of sport, but occasionally we hear of a few individuals who quietly bring off a battle to their liking. Only recently a goat and ram were pitted against each other, and gave the spectators a hard-hitting show, the goat being more active and artful in his manœuvres than the ram, but the hard head of the latter gained him the victory after a stubborn fight of half an hour.

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will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

This remedy will drive from the system every kind of humour.
One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
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One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
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Printed by The Argus Printing Company, Limited, Tudor Street, and Published Every Wednesday by G. E. Metrick, for The Mirror of Life Company, Ltd., at 17a, Fleet Street, E.C.